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SHARPE'S LIBRARY.—*Addison's Essays.*

THIS is the age for kindling wit, wakening learning, and filling us full of knowledge. Men and bodies of men have entered into a solemn league and covenant against ignorance;—that symbol of Scottish rule, the St. Andrew's cross, will be henceforth banished from all receipts and agreements; the humblest lieges of William the Fourth will quote Locke and Hobbes during beer-time, and consign their eyes and limbs to perdition in the elegant obscurity of the learned languages. Great must be the rewards of learning, for many are the hands which are feeding and stuffing that great lubberly brat, the Public. Constable gives us "moving accidents by flood and field;"—Murray leads us into courts and camps—through halls of sculpture and galleries of painting;—Lardner gives us history to dinner, and science as a dessert;—the Library of Useful Knowledge instructs us in the whole mystery of making puddings and mouse-traps;—the Library of Entertaining Knowledge teaches trap and ball, quoits, and te-to-tum;—Valpy woos us with classic Heathens, and wins us back to Christianity by select Divines;—Oliver & Boyd alarm us by an invasion of knowledge from Edinburgh;—and, finally, Colburn comes to the attack in four divisions, with his Library of General Knowledge—his Novelist's Library—his Library of Voyages and Travels—and his Library of Juvenile Knowledge. O my blessed public, what a throat thou must have, and what miraculous powers of digestion, that can gape and swallow this mighty Meg Merrilies stew—this Scotch and English hodge-podge of knowledge! We had written thus far, when, lo! another work made its appearance—the Library of John Sharpe, commencing with the classic Essays of Addison.

Sharpe has begun late, but he has begun wisely. The quiet grace, the exquisite humour, the moral pathos, and pure and elegant style of Addison, have made his name widely and permanently known. Hitherto, however, his genius has been obliged to carry contemporary weight; and the lights of his understanding and fancy have suffered something like obscurity, diffused over those periodicals which distinguished the days of good Queen Anne. In these two little volumes he trusts to his own strength: his happinesses of thought and charming felicities of style are impressed on every page; nor has the proprietor spared either pains or expense to add to his attractions—fine paper, elegant print, and neat embellishments, were indeed to be expected from Chiswick Whittingham and Classic Sharpe. These volumes have other merits: they are safe presents—at once models of chastity of style and purity of morals: they abound, too, in instruction; they rebuke with singular grace and mildness the harmless follies and pleasing absurdities of human nature; and though addressed to ladies and gentlemen an hundred and twenty years ago, may still be held up as a mirror to the damozels and dandies of our latter days. Had we fifty children, as we have but five, our first wish would be to put into their hands these classic Essays of Addison. Did we not like the proprietor for his twenty-five years' labours in embellished books, which

have diffused largely a love of classic literature over the land, we would love him for his quaint and intrepid preface, wherein he elbows all competitors in periodicals about, and to the Constables, the Murrays, the Longmans, and Colburns, crying out, like the veterans of Eumenes, "Ye fight against your fathers, ye rascals!"

Journal of a Tour made by Señor Juan de Vega, the Spanish Minstrel of 1828-9, through Great Britain and Ireland, a Character assumed by an English Gentleman. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Simpkin & Marshall.

This book will certainly be read. Without slandering on his own part, the writer has contrived to interest all the slanderous from Canterbury to Llangollen; and in the second volume he includes the sister kingdom.

It is well if he has satisfied himself that initial letters are not names, and that description is not designation—we do not understand these nice distinctions. In a little country town, mine host, Mr. A or B, will as surely tell who is meant, as the name and address at full length;—but to "kiss and tell," Señor!—to expose openly the little familiarities and courtesies shown to a stranger and a foreigner—if you were not, you were believed to be—to point the finger of scorn and ridicule at some confiding girl, whose very innocence made her trustful, and whose goodness made her acutely sensible of what she thought your sufferings and misfortunes, and did more for you, whatever your vanity may persuade you, than your mustachios or your guitar;—truly, we suspect the impostor appears for the first time in the title-page, when you presumed to write yourself down "an English gentleman." We cannot stop the circulation of the work, we may therefore quote from it; and we regret to say it will be read everywhere—and everywhere with heart-burnings, and flushed cheeks, and pain and sorrow. There are thousands and tens of thousands of people, to whom it is worse than death to be dragged thus before the public. There is no concealment in the book, only the pretence of it. To take, as a specimen, and known to us, his adventures at the little quiet city of Chichester—why we could complete the name from the initial of every one mentioned. To Mr. M—, the eating-house-keeper, it signifies little;—and there are too many concerned in, and none sufficiently particularized, to make us regard much the exposure of the disgusting scene at the Independent tea-chapel party;—but the straw-bonnet shop—the scene with Rosetta—truly, Señor, if you ever set a foot in that town, we hope the mayor, instead of giving you leave to sing, will give you into custody of the beadle, and have you well whipped to the parish boundary; and if it should happen to be about the race time, when such wandering vagabonds congregate, we will very cordially lend the beadle a helping hand. Is it because these people are in humble life, that you have dared to mention these things?—it should have been their protection. If you found the girl's "left hand rough from her industry with her needle," you should have remembered

that she lived by her needle; and though we think the better of her for her open heart and unsuspecting temper—and you insinuate nothing else against her—there are strait-laced dowagers in that old cathedral town with whom she may be injured irreparably, by your idle, empty coxcombry. It is so everywhere—look to the anecdotes about S—, at the Duke of Dover, at Canterbury; and yet "I must say," says the Don, "I felt a great deal of pain in parting with these people. I was in their house but a short time, and received from them the kindest attention; and although a stranger, after a few days' acquaintance, I was looked upon with as much confidence as if they had known me for years." But our moralizing will not stop the circulation of the book, which will assuredly be read wherever Don Juan de Vega put his unholy foot.

The Tour seems to have been undertaken in idleness. Once, however, determined on, he equipped himself in Monmouth Street, and starts without any fixed intention, and journeys accidentally into Kent. The earlier anecdotes of his journey are rather numerous than interesting—they read infinitely better among the "Contents" than in the volume. The Señor is apt to be over wordy. Perhaps the first worth notice is the scene at Sittingbourn, in which there is a good deal of humour and graphic power:—

"What an uncommon straight-made chap it is," said a fellow; "damn me if I think he is a foreigner."—"That's a proof he a'n't one," said a kind of stable lad, who was dressed rather after my own fashion, and displayed a pair of most unfortunately crooked legs; 'you don't see Englishmen made like him.'—"No," retorted the former, 'if they be all made like you.'—Whilst they were making their various remarks about me, in came a boy with 'Oysters, gentlemen, oysters!' and these gentlemen set to paying their respects to the oysters, which were just come into season. They seemed to be mightily relished by their voracious consumers; and the fellow, after eating half a dozen, asked what was to pay? 'Threepence, Sir.'—"Three pence!" exclaimed the man; 'what! for six hoysters?'—"Yes," repeated the lad: all the others were immediately seized with astonishment at their dearth, and appeared angry with themselves for having taken so many, at the same time looking with wistful eyes at more of them already opened on their account. This high price immediately put a stop to hoyster eating, and each fellow, with evident reluctance, put down the coppers to pay for his respective share of the luxury; nor was this done without a great deal of murmuring. I was exceedingly glad to see the boy's oysters abandoned, for I had already acquired a longing for them, and was fearful that the tasty appetites of these gentlemen would have demolished them all. 'There's your three pence,' said the fellow who had eaten six; 'now go to Mounseer, and see if he will buy your half-penny hoysters, for I wont.' The boy took his advice, and came to me, when I engaged him to open as fast as he could; and after swallowing eight, during which operation all the fellows' attentions were directed towards me—every time I put one into my mouth, they each made a movement similar to the one I employed to get

it down. At last one of them, who was unhappily too imitative, exclaimed, 'O Lord, Jem, if I an't bolted that ere piece of pig-tail what you just now g'ed me!' This accident caused an immense roar of laughter, and it was with the greatest difficulty I avoided joining in it; however, I succeeded in subduing my inclination, and, the laugh being over, I told the boy to continue; again their attentions were riveted, and I had the pleasure of seeing their eyes glisten, and mouths water with anxious desire. 'My wigs, Bill, if he an't eat a sixteen'orth already.'—'Yes,' replied Bill, 'he gets his money easier than we do, you may rely on't; but he an't paid for 'em yet;—I say, boy, look sharp to that Turco Frenchee fellow.' After eating about fifteen, I proceeded to pay for them, and wishing to make it appear that I was not very well acquainted with the English money, I pulled it out very slowly, and affected to examine it. 'Now see, he's trying to cheat the boy; mind he does not give you bad silver,' exclaimed the unhappy fellow who had *eaten six*; and in this manner, to my great amusement, they threw out many suspicions against me. Perhaps I deserved it, for putting them to such an annoyance, by eating so many *half-penny oysters*, to the great excitement of their envy, and the loss of a valuable bit of pigtail. I left these fellows, and retired to my room, to laugh over the particulars of my oyster adventure; but finding my candle was reduced to the socket, I had no time to spare before I turned into bed, lest I should be left in the dark—rather an unpleasant situation in a strange room, as there is a chance of running one's head against some projecting thing or other, whose position we are ignorant of.

"The next morning by eight o'clock I was up, and went down to breakfast at nine. A country lad coming in for the same purpose, and pulling out some bread and meat, sat beside me. Half a pint of beer was asked for, and very soon swallowed. I thought the poor fellow looked rather wistfully at my smoking tea; and I said to him, 'give me your half pint, and I will fill it with tea,' which was immediately done. The landlady coming in at this moment, the poor lad whipped it under his smock frock. But the tea being very hot, heated the pewter. The country fellow found it rather too warm to be pleasant, and was changing it from one hand to the other. 'What are you fidgeting about, James, so for?' said the landlady.—'Oh nothing, Ma'am, and here he gave an involuntary wriggle of the face. 'Why, how smart James looks!' and here she stopped to look at some braid upon his smock frock. Poor James's face now became so red and his hands so hot, that, in his shifting the mug from one hand to the other, he upset it; and the contents passing through his corderoys made him jump about most ludicrously. The old lady looked with astonishment, and thought he had —: in fact, she did not know what to think; but seeing the half pint rolling along the floor, picked it up, and equally quick dropped it, exclaiming, 'Oh! this is what you has the Sint Witazza's dance about! So, you were taking tea for breakfast?' Poor James was too much employed feeling his burns, to feel the laugh that was raised against him; but, recovering a little from the effects of his scalding, he began to examine his fingers, which were very much blistered." i. 42—5.

Another good picture is the following, at "mine inn" at Canterbury:—

"The next morning I resolved on leaving this town for Margate, and determined to start on the morrow. I passed the forenoon in making notes, and visiting the magnificent cathedral. When I returned home, I thought that I had better tell the landlady's daughter of my intention, as she might think me rather abrupt, after our little flirtation, if I waited till the very moment

of my departure. As I entered the inn, I found her, and told her of my intention to leave the next day. Poor S— looked greatly astonished, and expressed her sorrow. She inquired my reason: I replied, that I had a musical engagement at Margate, and was obliged to go there. 'Where is Mr. —?' I added. 'Oh, my father and mother are out,' she replied, 'on a visit to a friend.'—'Then let us have a dance, and I'll play the guitar,' and we went into the back parlour. The old aunt, who had been invited to keep house in the master's absence, being very fond of dancing, gladly sanctioned the proposal; and Sally being also very fond of it, seemed to regain her spirits, and proceeded to remove the chairs and tables to one side of the room. 'Who'll mind the bar?' said the aunt. At this moment, 'A pot o' beer, Mister,' was asked for by a countryman. Aunt and Sally both flew to the door to give him his beer, when the thought struck me that this fellow would do well to take care of the bar; and paying for his pot of beer, I told him I wished he would just stand in the passage for a short time, and watch the bar. He was happy to avail himself of his easy birth, and placed himself on the duty required, but with a leering eye towards the dancers. I played a waltz on the guitar, and the two *élégantes* began to trip it on the 'light,' rather the heavy, by the bye, although 'fantastic toe;' their feet not only in motion but their hands also. But I ought not to forget to mention, it was a figure waltz; and after turning round several times separately, with their arms moving up and down like the lever of a steam-engine, they joined hands and waltzed together. 'Oh! you put me out, aunt,' said S—. 'Do I? Well, then, let's try again.' They tried again. After making several attempts, putting forward the right leg—then the other would come in immediate contact, threatening a downfall—then changing to the left, which turned out as bad, S— again exclaimed, 'You put me out, aunt!' 'Do I? Well, then, let's try again.' They tried again, and worked as hard as if they were rivaling the very Graces themselves. The love of fun had seized me, and I could not resist carrying on the joke. 'Very well, very well!' I exclaimed, almost dying with laughter, which nothing but the noise I made with my guitar could have screened from observation, and they set to again to waltz with undiminished fury. They were pushing and running against each other. 'Oh! you tread on my feet so, aunt,' exclaimed poor S—, unwilling to stop—bending the body one way, then the other, and any way but the right. The face of the aunt, who was very anxious to get the right step, was inexplicably droll; and the countenance of the countryman, who had abandoned the bar, to rivet his eyes on the waltzers, together with S—'s indefatigable exertions, formed such a picture as no pen can do justice to, and I think the pencil of Cruikshank would fail to describe." i. 87—9.

The scene in the gypsies' tent is even better—the historical touch about fortune-telling reminds one of Othello—"My mother from an Egyptian," &c.; and "Curly-top and Ferret," seem names out of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The whole is admirably dramatic.

"Give us a tune, my dear," said an audacious-looking little girl. 'Sally,' said Kate, 'don't be rude.'—'If you can't behave yourself,' said Jack, in his usual imperative tone, 'take yourself on the other side of the tent!—Come, my friend, let's have a tune, if you please.'—'Oh! certainly, Monsieur,' said I, and proceeded to put the guitar in tune.—'Hallo! Monsieur!' said Jack, 'that sounds a little French.'—'Pshaw!' said Kate, 'he an't a Frenchman, I'm sure: a good astrologer knows all languages.' The old woman here brought out various catables on a large wooden plate, saying, 'Here's only a leg of the fowl and some pork, which

little Mindee there prigged yesterday, and some stale bread.'—'Oh! that won't do,' said Jack; 'come, down with the pot, and out with the rabbit that's in it.' 'Lord-a-mercy! is the man mad? Why it has not been in more than ten minutes.'—'Don't talk to me so,' replied Jack, whose word was law, and the shrivelled old woman proceeded to do as she was bid. * * *

"I'll play some of my country's music," said I to them.—'Ah! do, do,' was buzzed all around, and Jack bowed his thanks, and then called the old woman out of the tent to come and listen to me. They were all attention, and the silence was so undisturbed that a pin might have been heard to fall. I sang them a Spanish ballad, and they seemed very much pleased with it. All the little ones, as soon as I finished my song, got up and danced very merrily, after their manner, and Jack seemed to be so much delighted with his guest, that he said, 'You'll stop with us to-night, of course, for you can have a comfortable bed in our tent. Mindee, you'll sleep in the cart to-night,' said he to the little one who had been pulling about the guitar, in order to make room for me, I presume. 'Oh! do,' said Kate, looking at me with her large black eyes, and showing me her pretty teeth. There was *something* in this invitation which created in me a strong desire to accept it. * * *

"I thank you, Señor Jack," said I, 'I will stop here to-night.' My calling the man Jack, created a great roar of laughter amongst the whole of the gypsies. 'That's right,' said Jack, 'make free, never mind their laughing, what's your name, though?'—'Juan de Vega,' I replied. 'What's his name, Jack?' said Kate. 'Why, I suppose that ere means in our language a wandering vagrant.'—'Why, that's what th' coveys calls us,' said another man of the party. —'To be sure,' said Jack, 'all things have their derivation, and they calls us after this ere man, as the horigen of our people was from his country, somewhere in the Hindies.'—'Well, if that aint droll,' said pretty little Kate, 'I never knew why we were called vagrants afore. How soon we might teli he's one of us. Then that's the reason we are all so brown, and looks so foreign.'—'Didnt I always tell you we are of a fine race of people—more ancienter than any on the earth? It was our people who were saved in Noah's ark, and that's the way we know of everything that has been and is to be, and so have always been fortune-tellers ever since, or, as he more properly terms it, *wandering vagrants*. Doesnt that old woman take a great deal of pains to teach you her hart of fortune-telling?'—'Yes, Jack, she does,' was the reply; 'but I never believed of any truth in it.'—'Truth!' exclaimed he, with a scowl on his shaggy brows, as though he meant all he said. 'Ay, as true as the Gospel. She was instructed by her mother—her mother was told in the same way, and in this way the hart was handed down from the time of the deluge, and has always remained a secret amongst our race, as they never learned to write, whereby others might find it out, and taught their children by word of mouth, as my old mother teaches you.' * * *

"From the earnestness of our conversation, and from a want of attendance, the fire had gradually become very low, and, the stock of wood being burnt, Jack told Will to take the hatchet and go for fuel, adding, that he must take care not to let them be *too thick*. 'Go you, Curly-top and Ferret with him, and carry the wood,' said he to two of the little ones, which appellations, I imagine, were distinctions of some particular quality. 'Mindee, you stop and blow up the fire.' Little Mindee came forth and set too with her mouth for a pair of bellows to do as she was bid. 'I'll be with you very shortly,' added he, taking up a large bag and a cut-throat sort of a knife, 'Kate, be attentive to him; and jumping with one spring over the adjoining

hedge, I lost sight of him in an instant." i. 179—84.

The Señor not liking appearances, determines to be off, and, rising from the ground,

"Kate seized hold of my arm and stopped me, saying, 'My dear, where are you going?—what's the matter with you? don't be alarmed, there's no one coming.'"

"There was a softness in 'my dear,' which fell so agreeably on my ears, and being so perfectly unexpected, I felt it impossible to move away. 'No, no, I not go,' said I to her, putting my hand in hers, and pressing it rather fervently. * * * She looked positively enchanting, and to remain without speaking to her was absurd: 'My dear,' said I, and pressing her hand more fervently, she suddenly drew it away, and still looked towards the ground. 'Oh!' I continued, fearing that I had gone too far, 'what does my dear mean? I did not mean to offend you.'—'Oh! no,' said she, laying hold of mine in return. 'You are right, there's no harm in the expression,' and looked still embarrassed. Finding that the little Arcadian was not displeased with me, I took hold of her hand, and, affecting to examine the lines in it, asked her to tell me my fortune. 'No, no,' said she, 'you are better able to tell me mine; now you must tell me,' and she seemed to be recovering from her embarrassment. 'Very well,' said I, 'but I don't understand the hand, I tell by the stars at night, and by the face by day; and drawing myself very close to her, I desired her to look towards the heavens, and shut her eyes; she did so; I immediately seized the opportunity to kiss her pretty little mouth.

"This style of Egyptian fortune-telling naturally surprised her; and she pushed me away from her with such gentleness of manner, as convinced me that she was by no means displeased with what I had done, the consequence was a long kiss, and I almost wished to have been her husband instead of Jack. At this moment, 'talk of the devil and he will appear,' who should leap over the hedge but Jack, uttering most dreadful oaths, on account of the situation he had found us in. 'What, you traitor,' said he scornfully, 'do you come and eat my bread, and then try to seduce my wife?' The fellow looked most terrific. The fire of jealousy seemed to burn within him, and what made his appearance more dreadful was the bag which he took out with him, filled with something, and covered with blood; the large knife was in his right hand, covered with gore, and I had every reason to expect he would have soaked it in mine.

"At first I must confess I felt very awkward, perhaps terrified would better express my feelings; and, after a short time, recollecting his long account of the origin of fortune-telling, I put on a mysterious air, and, raising my right hand to heaven, looked up steadfastly for a few moments, and pointed towards the high road, beckoning him to follow me. Poor Kate threw herself on her knees, and begged her husband not to hurt me. 'Away,' said he, and he then walked after me. I took him some distance on the high road without saying a single word, and getting over a gate, walked straight into the field until I came to a gravel-pit, and beckoned him to follow me. I perceived the mystery of my movement had worked considerable alteration in his countenance. 'The star of your wife,' said I, raising my hand to heaven, had destined an Egyptian to—and putting my hand to my lips, signified to kiss her, but with the eye shut. 'It was not her will—no de star—she love you the same. But after this—(again putting my hand to my lips) she tell de fortune as good as Egyptian; go, and love her.' Hereupon Jack threw his arms round me with delight, and thanked me for the power I had endowed his wife with. At this moment the cause of our

sudden departure came running in, half frantic, exclaiming, 'Don't hurt him—don't hurt him, it wasn't his fault,—an emblem of her sex's generosity in all unfortunate emergencies. To her great joy, however, she found her sposo had his arms round my neck in affectionate embrace; and seeing her he immediately transferred them to their proper place. 'It wasn't his fault, Jack, I assure you, it was mine,' exclaimed the noble little creature. 'My love,' said he, kissing the tears from her cheek. 'It wasn't your's or his either; it was your star, and now ever after you are endowed with the power of telling fortunes like an Egyptian.'—'Indeed! indeed Jack, it is so, I knew he didn't mean any harm.'—'Come, my friend,' said Jack, 'I thank you much, and so does Kate, for the good you have done her, and am sorry I have done so much injustice to the kindness of your actions; but come home and take a bit o' dinner with us.'—'No,' said I, again raising my hand to the skies, and looking more mysterious than ever. 'The star say no, go and love each other,' not by that direction, pointing another way. 'Oh! do come home,' said the pretty Kate, but I was afraid of another gravel-pit explanation; when the stratagem, perhaps, might not have answered so well, and continued saying 'No, no,' pointing out the direction they were to take, told them to return home without looking behind. They then proceeded back through the field, and I laid myself close down in the gravel-pit, to avoid being seen. The man strictly did as I bade him, and looked forward all the while. But Kate, the dear pretty Kate, gave one look, just as he was helping her over a stile leading into the road." i. 185—89.

The Life and Times of Francis the First, King of France. By James Bacon, Esq. 2d edition. 2 vols. London, 1830. Bull.

HISTORICAL biography claims a high rank in literature, both on account of its utility and its interest. Knowledge, especially political knowledge, is valuable as it is experimental and practicable; and this it only is, when facts are seen in connexion with their principles. History, in general, travels too swiftly over centuries and generations to be minute in remarking this connexion, and when it is attempted, the causes assigned are for the most part too widely spread over the surface of events to be traced up to the very point we are examining. The biographer, on the contrary, being confined to a narrower scope, has time for a closer examination; his materials are collected with minuter care. While history takes her flight with ages, he walks step by step with the common events of human life; and, instead of combining a vast number of circumstances to account for some incident in immediate connexion, perhaps, with none of them, he separates them, and traces each singly by the effects, whether important or otherwise, which it produces. The more careful he may be in this work, or the better the materials which the subject affords for his inquiries, the more useful will be the memoir; and the rank in which all works of the kind ought to be placed, is made apparent by the fact, that the historian is never so safe as when he follows a learned and careful biographer.

The publication before us has hence an important claim to attention—it has also an additional one resulting from the period to which it refers. The age in which Francis the First and his great cotemporary Charles V. flourished, was one in which the substratum was laid of modern politics and modern society. It was then that cabinets began to try their force against armies—that personal prowess lost its value by the invention of those unreal or intellectual weapons which restored deep-thinking men to the pre-

eminence they enjoyed in ancient times—that the influence of literature began to be felt throughout Europe, and to move those vast multitudes which an age or two before could only be roused and united by the ruinous* excitements of superstition. In such a period as this, the characters of monarchs and of all who occupied elevated situations were rendered worthy of deep study; to govern, was quickly becoming a new science, and required new powers for putting its principles in practice; and, as if to instruct sovereigns and their people at once in this change in the art of ruling, Providence brought upon the stage of the world two of the greatest monarchs, according to their respective characters, which Europe had for many years seen, and placed them in direct opposition to each other, to try which is the stronger, the soldier or the politician.

The intention of Mr. Bacon's labours is to delineate these characters and events, and it does him credit; for, notwithstanding the researches of the elegant Robertson and others, many particulars wanted to be brought prominently forward for the clearer understanding of the period;—and this he has done, with great skill, much eloquence and industry,—his work supplying an important desideratum in the historian's library, and possessing characteristics which may recommend it to the more general reader. The passages from which it will best suit us to quote, are those in which the author describes some of the brilliant scenes enacted in those stirring days; and we cannot begin, perhaps, with a better than the account of some of the incidents attending the meeting of Francis and Henry VIII. on the far-famed Field of Cloth of Gold:—

"On the following day, the tournaments, which were to be held in honour of this meeting, commenced. A field had been prepared, round which ditches were dug, and scaffolds erected for the spectators. At one end was set up, on a lofty artificial mount, a hawthorn and a raspberry bush, which were intended as the several devices of the kings of England and of France. 'On the right side of the field stood the queen of England and the queen of France, with many ladies. The same camp was railed and barred on every end strongly; then was two lodgings in the entry of the same fields for the two kinglys richly adorned, which were unto them very necessary, for therein they armed themselves and took their ease: also in the same compass was two great sellers couched full of wyne, which was to all men as largess as the fountain.'

"On the mountain where the trees stood, the shields of the two kings were hung, and the monarchs, at the head of their several companies, engaged in the martial sports, and encountered all comers 'to passe the tyme from idleness.' These sports, diversified occasionally with masquerades, dances, and banquets, occupied several days. The kings paid visits to the queens of either nation; but all their movements were regulated according to the jealous precautions which Wolsey had devised. The irksomeness of this system of etiquette was felt by everybody, but no one had ventured to suggest the expediency of breaking through it, until Francis, whose disposition was frank and unceremonious, put an end to it at once. He rose earlier than usual one morning, bade two gentlemen and a page, who were in attendance, to follow him, and mounting his horse, he rode to Guisnes. On the bridge, as he was entering the town, he met the governor with a troop of two hundred archers. 'My friends,' he cried gaily, 'I make you all my prisoners. Show me instantly to the English king's chamber.' The Englishmen were astonished at so extraordinary a proceeding, and told him that the king had not yet risen. Francis, without staying for their

reply, hurried on to Henry's lodging, and awakened him by knocking loudly at his door. Henry, who was as much pleased as surprised at this proof of the French king's confidence, fell into the humour of the adventure at once. 'My brother,' he said, 'you have played me a very agreeable turn, and have taught me upon what terms you and I ought to live together. I confess that I am taken; I yield myself your prisoner, and plight you my faith.' He then presented Francis with a collar of gold worth 15,000 angelots, and begged him to wear it 'for his prisoner's sake.' Francis accepted the gift, and returned it by a bracelet of twice its value. Henry was getting up, and Francis, who insisted upon performing the office of valet de chambre for him, helped him to dress. He then returned homewards, and met upon the road some of his followers, who had discovered his absence, and who had felt considerable anxiety in consequence of their not knowing whither he had gone. Fleuranges, who was upon terms of familiarity with the king, and whose devoted attachment justified his addressing him without ceremony, told him plainly that he thought he was a madman for doing what he had done, and that although he was very glad to see him back again, he wished the devil might take the person who had advised him to so strange a freak. 'Nobody counselled it,' replied Francis. 'I took care to ask no advice, because I knew no one would give me that which I had determined to follow.' He then amused his followers by relating to them, with great pleasantry, the particulars of his adventure. Henry followed the example which Francis had set him, on the following day. The queens gave entertainments, and the tournaments were renewed. The sports were, however, not wholly confined to those in which men at arms alone could participate. Wrestling matches were had, in which the English yeomanry excelled, and archery, in which Henry displayed so much skill as to extort from the Frenchmen, who were not disposed to praise him, expressions of admiration. The two kings also had a personal encounter, in which Henry was worsted. They had retired to a tent for refreshment, when Francis seized him playfully by the collar, and said, 'Brother, I must have a bout with you.' They engaged, and Francis, although he was inferior to Henry in strength, managed to throw him. Henry rose, and would have renewed the contest, but the more discreet bystanders, who saw it was likely that such a sport might end by exciting real anger, interfered and put an end to it by announcing the supper." i. 265—8.

Our next extract is on a different theme, and describes the last moments of the chivalrous and unfortunate monarch, whose actions are recorded in these very interesting volumes:—

"But the time had arrived at which Francis was destined to shake off the cares of sovereignty, and to relieve Charles from the apprehensions which his proceedings had excited. The disease which so dangerously attacked him at Compeigne, had never been cured. In the beginning of February it broke out with increased virulence, and was accompanied with a slow fever, which resisted the efforts of his medical attendants to subdue it. Francis struggled against the malady which was wasting his strength, and resorted to the diversion of hunting, which had once been his greatest pleasure. With the decay of his bodily strength, the relish for his accustomed sport had failed, and he travelled with restless discontent from one seat to another, in search of that quiet which was only to be found in the grave. To his attendants, the change which was taking place in him became daily more perceptible. He went first to Saint Germain, then to La Muette, to Villepreux, to Dampierre, to Limours, where he intended to pass the carnival, and where he re-

mained only a few days, and then to Loches, in Touraine, where he stayed longer than at any other place. His malady here, however, increased to such a degree, that he determined to return to Saint Germain, and was on his way thither when he stopped to sleep at the castle of Rambouillet. Although he had intended to remain here only one night, he was induced, by a short respite which he enjoyed from the pain that tormented him, to go a hunting on the following day, and to prolong his stay. His illness soon returned with such force, as to make his removal impossible. The fever became much more violent; the ulcer, which was the seat of his disorder, became inflamed; and the pain he endured was insupportable. He felt that his dissolution was approaching, and resigned himself to his inevitable fate with pious fortitude.

"He sent for the dauphin, with whom he had a long conversation, wherein, in contemplation of his approaching death, he gave him such advice as his experience had suggested for the exercise of the authority that was about to devolve upon him. He recommended to him the care of his people, and enjoined him to diminish, as much as possible, the public taxes, which the necessities of the country had compelled him to impose. Although this is a piece of advice which dying kings are commonly more inclined to give to their successors than to adopt in their own lives, Francis had afforded some proof of the sincerity of his counsels by the providence and economy with which he had managed the revenues of his state for some years past. Notwithstanding the exhausting effect of his wars, the liberality with which he patronized science and the arts, the magnificence of his public undertakings, and the splendour of his court, he left at his death four hundred thousand crowns of clear surplus in his coffers, and one quarter of the year's revenue as yet uncollected. His advice to his son upon this, as on most other points, was disregarded; the extravagant prodigality of his successor soon dissipated the treasure which Francis had amassed, and the country's finances presented in the next reign a very different aspect.

"Francis's animosity against Montmorenci, or his fear of the attempts to which his late favourite's ambition might lead him, was so strong, that he commanded his son not to recall him; he advised him also to control the aspiring dispositions of the Guises, and not to permit them to interfere with the management of the public affairs. On both points Henry disregarded his injunctions, but the troubled reigns of his children proved the prophetic wisdom of Francis's dying hours." ii. 388—91.

We repeat our expressions of satisfaction as to the character of Mr. Bacon's useful and amusing work. It is eloquently written, and the information it contains appears to be founded on a very diligent examination of the proper authorities. We recommend it to general attention.

THE CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.—*History of England.* By the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. Vol. I. London, 1830. Longman & Co.; Taylor.

The vast variety of the puff species was well known; but a puff in chorus—"Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, little dogs and all"—Scott, Mackintosh, Moore, Southey and Co., had not been enumerated. Seriously, the absurd nonsense, that these gentlemen did not write the works passing under their names, must have been circulated by some special friend of the directing Doctor's, or he has, with most ingenious aptitude, turned it to profitable account. There is infinite variety in the letters published on this occasion. Those by Scott and Mackin-

tosh are good business letters, and might have begun, according to usage, "We send to order, and hope they will suit the market, &c."; but nothing can be more ridiculous than the juxtaposition of the fierce indignation of the child-like Southey—who never solved a riddle, or cracked a nut in his life—and the good-tempered laughing of the man of the world, Moore. Southey, who lives secluded as a hermit, communing for ever with his own spirit, and the innocence of his own home—who knows no more of the real, living, bustling, shuffling world than an anchorite, or an antediluvian, and therefore always writes about virtue and vice, and right and wrong, as if men and actions were abstractions of one or the other—pours out his astonishment and his wrath, and calls for vengeance and for law: while Moore, who, saving the pun, knows a *little more* of this work-a-day world, and can, upon occasions, tell "a hawk from a handsaw," scrawls a note on the back of his half-packed portmanteau, which may be very fairly translated thus: "If you are serious, why I must tell you, dear Doctor, that nonsense circulated heretofore, and will still, though you edit a Cyclopædia. If—why here is the sign-manual of 'Alexander M'Kenzie, my coachman,' much at your service."

The report was—an absurdity,—the contradiction was—not quite so absurd. Had this book been a grave, laborious, pains-taking, learned work, full of authorities, and likely to be referred to itself as an authority, even all these certificates could not have been more than sufficient to satisfy us it was written by Sir J. Mackintosh; but who expected such a work from him? or hoped to see the History of England stowed away in two crown octavo volumes, in which it was announced to appear?

History is a much more serious affair than novel-readers may imagine. We will not shatter their nerves by enumerating the hundreds of volumes whence it is to be deduced—but it must be a poor starveling reign indeed that may be mastered in two or ten crown, or any other octavo volumes. No scholar would pretend to be conversant with the history of Charles the First alone, who had not read a hundred, to say nothing of tracts, sermons, proclamations, and such small deer. Mr. D'Israeli indeed, or Mr. Godwin, may write an interesting narrative, or a fine philosophical essay upon it in two or three—but that is not history; and we say thus much, because, after the commendation on the work before us that is circulating everywhere, people may believe that history itself is but a picture book or a tale, to be coned with a wet finger.

Sir James Mackintosh's book required no puff. The great majority of people in this over-working age, have no time to read history; we must, therefore, have compilations, and all that was required or expected from him was a pleasant narrative of the great events which form the connecting links of history—consequence in one instance, and cause in another—and especially a philosophical view of those causes and consequences. This he has given us. With facts he troubles himself very little—so little indeed that we doubt if he be sufficiently impressed with their importance—or if he be so familiarly conversant with early history to feel the coherence and connexion of the events, without which philosophy is apt to be idle and declamatory. It would be difficult to prove this where three or four whole reigns are dismissed in fewer lines—thus: "During the government of Ethelwolf, the son of Egbert, and of two of Ethelwolf's sons, English history is little more than an account of their atrocities [the Danes];" yet in this brief passage there is an evident confusion; Ethelwolf had four sons, all sovereigns—Ethelbald, Ethelbert, Ethelred, and Alfred; and this is not an accidental omission, for he calls Alfred the *third* son of Ethelwolf. We do

not lay any stress on this—but if we are still to talk of our Saxon ancestors and our Saxon laws, and of the importance of Saxon history, and even legislation, we may be allowed to refer our readers to Mr. Sharon Turner as the better authority. But Sir James has done well what alone he was expected to do. His book is pleasant reading, and his views enlarged and philosophical. It is for opinions, for the running commentary on history, that we think the work valuable: and it is such passages we shall extract. The following is on the probable influence of Christianity on the rude barbarians among whom it was first taught by Augustine, and on the miraculous powers claimed for the early missionaries.

"Christianity brought with it some mitigation. The arrival of Augustine in Kent with forty other missionaries, sent by Gregory the Great to convert the Saxons, is described in picturesque and affecting language by Bede, the venerable historian of the Anglo-Saxon church. It cannot be doubted that the appearance of men who exposed themselves to a cruel death for the sake of teaching truth and inspiring benevolence could not have been altogether without effect among the most faithless and ruthless barbarians. Liberty of preaching what they conscientiously believed to be Divine truth, the only boon for which they prayed, Ethelbert king of Kent, who had married a French and Christian princess, freely bestowed upon them. They found both the Christian religion and the British language extinct in the Saxon territory; a tremendous proof of the ferocity of the warfare which had raged in this island for a hundred and fifty years. With the clergy of the British principalities they were speedily engaged in a controversy about the time of the great festival of Easter, which was chiefly important as incompatible with the communion between that clergy and the western church, and with their obedience to the patriarchal see of Rome. Despairing of healing this breach of unity by reason, we are told by Bede that Augustine proposed to leave it to the determination of God, by agreeing that the party which should perform a miraculous cure was to be considered as sanctioned by the interposition of heaven. Augustine cured a blind man, but without the immediate removal of obstinate prejudice. Many such miracles, however, are related, to which happier consequences are ascribed; nor ought the veracity of the narrators to be undistinguishingly assailed, when a belief in miraculous powers was universal. A man of good understanding might easily ascribe to his own prayers, or still more to those whom he valued more than himself, those recoveries which immediately followed them. As the miraculous facts are seldom related by professed eye-witnesses, the progress of insensible exaggeration accounts for many of those narratives without either assenting to the miracle or disputing the honesty of the historian. A just conviction of the excellence of the cause in which they were engaged disposed them more readily to believe that Providence interposed in its favour. One of the greatest men of the eighteenth century has intimated his opinion that such interposition might have actually occurred. Whoever ascribes the order of nature to a supreme mind must indeed believe it to be possible for that mind to suspend and alter the course of events. But there is probably no miracle of the middle age which requires any other confutation than a simple statement of the imperfection and inadequacy of the testimony produced in its support.

"No form of Christianity was likely not to have sanctioned a doctrine so agreeable to the general feelings of a zealous and ignorant age as the continuance of miraculous powers. It does not seem to have any connection with the properly theological dogmas of the church of Rome. Many protestants were, some perhaps still are,

favourable to it. Probably no protestant establishment has expressly renounced it. It was the peculiar misfortune of the Roman Catholic church, that, however disposed some of its most distinguished members might have been to suffer such claims to slumber and gradually to die out, their precise and rigid definitions of the infallibility of the church have placed the character of their religion too much at the mercy of every ignorant, credulous, or fraudulent catholic, who may persuade himself, or others, that he possesses those powers which the universal church cannot strongly condemn without renouncing those high pretensions which she once unfortunately sanctioned." p. 32—4.

Again, on the influence the church so soon obtained—on the celibacy of the clergy—and the monastic order.

"The contests of the state with the see of Rome belong to a later period. It is at present only necessary to observe, that to their communion with the patriarchal church, which, from the earliest period had been venerated as the mother of the western churches, the European clergy were indebted for the uniformity of opinion, the occasional infusion of some scanty knowledge, and the unity of means as well as identity of purpose, which converted them into a well disciplined army, whose most distant movements corresponded with and supported each other.

"The imposition of celibacy on the western clergy, which was scarcely completed before the ninth century, requires some attention on account of its influence in England, and affords general instruction, as an example of the extent to which the effect of regulations disappoints human expectation. The writings of the earliest Christians contain general panegyrics on celibacy, which cannot be reconciled to reason, though they may be excused in an age when the moral relations of the sexes, of which the principle is at this day little understood by many of those who most feel the obligation, were so unsettled as continually to vibrate between the most extreme points of extravagant austerity and gross licentiousness. The apostles naturally and seasonably advised their brother missionaries, and even their defenceless followers, to forbear from giving such hostages as wives and children to their merciless persecutors. In more secure situations it was not without apparent reason hoped, that an unmarried clergy would have more means of succouring their brethren, more leisure for their studies and their duties, a heart less diverted from religious feeling by worldly cares, and by holding out a signal example of a constant victory over their passions, might add force and weight to all their exhortations. The peculiar repugnancy of the Christian morals to sensuality promoted the observance of celibacy, and gave rise to dangerous exaggerations. Some were so misguided as to interpret language intended only to lift the soul from wallowing amidst the senses, as a discouragement of those unions which are 'a discipline of humanity.' Celibacy was first celebrated as a virtue, it was afterwards enjoined on priests as a moral duty. Before the end of the fourth century, some churches enforced it as a rule of ecclesiastical discipline. Some councils had forbidden the ordination of men who were married; and marriage after orders seems to have been generally blamed from the middle of the fifth century. The general practice of the West then resembled the present practice of the Greeks, among whom bishops were interdicted from wedlock, and priests were allowed only to keep the wives whom they had espoused before ordination. A virtue prized so highly by the fathers of the church, a duty of which the observance seemed to add to the dignity and authority of religious instruction, came to be esteemed one of the most sacred and venerable of ecclesiastical usages long before it was raised to the character of an universal law of the Latin church.

"It soon, however, afforded an example of the vanity and peril of stretching the rules of duty beyond the boundaries of nature. Several sects in the first and second centuries of Christianity had passed through visions of perfection to licentious manners. The compulsory celibacy of the clergy drove them into the same road, though it did not push them so far. The prohibitions of councils everywhere attest the prevalence of concubinage; which, in many countries, was considered as a sort of inferior marriage, and which the clergy had many means of concealing, or of speciously disguising. In the West it was altogether impossible that many of a body of men, newly forbidden to form connections, which all around them cherished, and which had been among themselves once regarded as lawful and sacredly binding, not trained to subdue their passions by a rigorous education, remote from the inspection and censure of all those whose disapprobation they dreaded, should not abuse their boundless power over the ignorant, uninquisitive, submissive people, among whom they were dispersed, by the indulgence of a profligacy still more undistinguishing than concubinage. The manners and morals of the European clergy may be in some measure estimated from the state of Rome in the ninth and tenth centuries, under a succession of popes, either pageants or monsters, who commonly owed their rise and downfall to crimes. The unnatural restraint, which thus ended in a general dissolution of manners, had also the effect of strengthening the ecclesiastical power, and of tempting the clerical leaders to abuse their strength. They soon perceived that by excluding the clergy from marriage, their connection with society was loosened, and the affections which might balance their attachment to the interests of their order were weakened. Domestic relations no longer restrained the ambition of a body, whose members throughout Christendom were already linked together by stronger ties than those which united them to their countrymen, and who were more firmly attached to the papal throne than to that of their own sovereigns. Thus it appears that an institution formed by pure feelings was seized by ambition as one of its most effectual instruments; that the pursuit of unattainable austerity terminated in more than common licentiousness; and that those who were appointed to preach peace and charity became turbulent and insatiable usurers. It is not to be forgotten that during the whole of this corrupting process it was mightily aided by those arts of self-delusion which brought the clergy themselves to regard the power of their body as the only restraint on lawless violence, and to believe that their own grandeur was inseparable from the promotion of religion and the well-being of society. The struggle at that time often was, and perhaps generally seemed to them to be, between those who appealed only to brute force, and those who professed to derive their power from law, morality, and religion. The clergy condemned in others those crimes of ambition which they scrupled not themselves to perpetrate, always with scandalous inconsistency, but by no means always insincerely.

"They became regardless of their duties, and by the scandal of their lives gradually lost much of their ascendancy over the people. The eyes of the most ignorant began, in time, to be opened to their vices. An event then occurred which has since been repeated several times among the nations of Christendom.

"The religious principle, when deprived of its nourishment by lukewarmness and indolence, still more when offended by open profligacy, calls up more zealous and active labourers to supply the place of a vicious or even of a cold and formal clergy. Such substitutes in the times of which we speak were found in the monastic orders. These singular bodies of men origi-

nated, as is well known, in that passion for the undisturbed and solitary contemplation of supreme excellence, which in the early ages of Christianity peopled the desert of Egypt with pious hermits, and which had indeed before that era led some of the more devout and contemplative Hebrews into the same seclusion. But the Christian recluses sought a solitude more impenetrable than the Esseniens, and adopted a system of self-infliction, of which the continuance was less dependent on themselves than the austerity taught by Philo to his Alexandrian followers. The very place of their retirement involved rigorous privation, and excluded the ordinary opportunities of vice; but they added new means of extinguishing every appetite which could disturb their exclusive devotion to the contemplation and worship of God. Such practices, it was even then owned, might be unfit for adoption by mankind in general; but a chosen few, initiated in mysteries and enured to pious exercise, might serve others as well as preserve themselves by the pursuit of virtues too sublime for the multitude. About the middle of the fourth century, Pacomius and Antony collected them together in monasteries; bound them to perseverance by vows; prescribed laws for their good government, and established superiors who were to be elected by the monastic community, but were armed with power to protect the religious from their own infirmities. From that time their life was considered as more holy than that of a worldly clergy; the monasteries of the desert, probably then as now, guarded them from wandering robbers; and the longing for inaction which easily steals on us in the languor of a sultry climate contributed to increase their number. The most eloquent of the Christian fathers who visited these solitudes spread everywhere the praises of so sacred a life and of a repose so serene. Monasteries gradually arose in inhabited countries, at first in sequestered spots, where the industry of the monks reclaimed the land from its unproductive state, and set the first example of well-conducted husbandry after the Teutonic conquest. The first celebrated monastery of the West was that of *Monte Cassino*, in the Neapolitan territory, founded about the year five hundred and thirty, by Benedict, a native of Nursia, in the Apennines, who gave laws to his new order. They spread rapidly in the West, and ventured, at length, to settle in towns, where the religious might by their severe rule be guarded from the contagion of the world, while their instruction and their example might be beneficial to less perfect Christians. In the beginning the monks were mere laymen, and holy orders were rarely, if at all, conferred on them. Near a century and a half after the first collection of the Egyptian hermits into monasteries, Gregory the Great, himself a monk, who wrote the life of St. Benedict and the relation of his miracles, though he allows that sometimes priests may become monks, and monks may receive holy orders, yet he considers both as rare exceptions, and declares the spirit of the church to be, that clerks being destined to the public service should not retire from it into monasteries; and that monks should not come among the clergy, because they are bound to live in a profound retirement, which is not compatible with the active and public duties of ecclesiastics. But in spite of the jealousy of the secular clergy and of the frequent decrees which forbade preaching or administering the sacraments by monks, the sanctity of their lives, the power of their better discipline, and somewhat of a superior education, gained a general estimation, which called them to the pulpit and the altar." 44—9.

We have thought it more just to Sir James Mackintosh, and likely to be more interesting to our readers, to give these opinions at length, than to break up the notice with brief and trifling extracts. Sir James cannot be fairly

judged but by hearing him fully. Next week we shall resume our notice.

Personal Memoirs, or Reminiscences of Men and Manners at Home and Abroad during the last Half-century, being Fragments from the Portfolio of Pryse Lockhart Gordon, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

[Second Notice.]

IN our last we gave some account of these volumes, and some extracts from that part of the author's "reminiscences," which relates to the great hero of the Nile and the celebrated Lady Hamilton. Before going farther, we are tempted to quote, from the second volume, the following upon the same subject:—

"One of Lady Hamilton's chief attractions was her hair, with which it is well known she played wonderful tricks in her attitudes. A clever German artist, M. Tiebhen, then residing at Naples, made spirited sketches of her in the various characters she assumed, and which she was fond of displaying at her *soirées*. I have more than once witnessed these exhibitions. On one occasion, being desirous to astonish a gentleman who had just arrived, and had not heard of her ladyship's attitudinal celebrity, she dropped from her chair on the carpet, when sitting at table after dinner. The comb which fastened her superabundant locks had been removed, (like Cæsar, she had fallen gracefully,) and nothing could have been more classical or imposing than this prostrate position. Sir William started up to open a little of the curtain in order to admit the proper light, while the stranger flew to the sideboard for water, with which he plentifully sprinkled the fainting dame, before he discovered that it was a *scena* (and not a fit, as he thought,) which had been got up. 'You have spoiled, my good friend, (said the knight,) one of the most perfect attitudes that Emma ever executed—how unlucky!'

"Lady H. could bear no rival near her, and flattery was as necessary to her as the air she breathed. She had also the art of flattering others with great success; and there can be no doubt but she persuaded poor Nelson that she was actually in love with him, not as a Mars, but as an Adonis! Queen Caroline knowing this, made her the tool of all the projects she wished to accomplish by means of the British admiral; being fully aware of the influence that such a woman, devoted to her by bribes and flattery, would have over such a man. It was this vile conspiracy that destroyed poor Nelson's private character. He confessed his infatuation to more than one intimate friend; and it is not surprising that he had not the courage to extricate himself from his trammels." ii. 385-6.

From among much amusing matter, that renders choice difficult, we shall extract the following relating to Porson—an evidence of the untiring spirit of that extraordinary man, which we could confirm by others within our own knowledge, if this were a proper time to introduce them:—

"I had invited him to meet a party of friends in Sloane Street, where I lived, but the Professor had mistaken the day, and made his appearance in full costume the preceding one. We had already dined, and were at our cheese. When he discovered his error, he made his usual exclamation of a *whoop!* as long as my arm, and turning to me with great gravity, said, 'I advise you in future, Sir, when you ask your friends to dinner, to ask your wife to write your cards. Sir, your penmanship is abominable—it would disgrace a collier. I swear that your day is written Thursday, not Friday,' at the same time pulling the invitation out of his pocket. A jury was summoned, and it was decided, *nem. con.*, 'that for once the Professor was in the wrong,' which he at length admitted. 'Your blunder,' I replied, 'my friend, will cost me a beef-steak and a bottle of your favourite Trinity ale, so that you will be the gainer.'

"He sat on, 'as was his custom in the afternoon,' till past midnight, emptying every flask and decanter that came in his way. As I knew there was no end to his bacchanalia when fairly seated with plenty of drink and a listener, I retired *sans façon*, leaving him to finish the remains of some half-dozen of bottles, for it was immaterial to the Pro-

fessor the quality of the stuff, provided he had quantity. On my descending the following morning to breakfast, I was surprised to find my friend lounging on a sofa, and perusing with great attention a curious volume of Italian tales, which I had picked up in my travels. I learned that having found the liquor so choice, and the *Nouvelle Antiche* so interesting, he had trimmed his lamp, and remained on the premises. 'I think,' said he, 'that with the aid of a razor and a light-coloured neck-cloth and a brush, I shall be smart enough for your fine party.'

"A pretty large company assembled in the evening, and Porson treated them with a translation (without book,) of the curious tale which had excited his notice.

"So extraordinary was his memory, that although there were above forty names introduced into the story, he had only forgotten one. This annoyed him so much, that he started from the table, and after pacing about the room for ten minutes, he stopped short, exclaiming, 'Eureka!—The Count's name is Don Francesco Averani!'

"The party sat till three o'clock in the morning, but Porson would not stir; and it was with no small difficulty that my brother could prevail on him to take his departure at five, having favoured me with his company exactly thirty-six hours! During this *sederunt*, I calculated that he finished a bottle of alcohol, two of Trinity ale, six of claret, besides the lighter sort of wines, of which I could take no account; he also emptied a half-pound canister of snuff; and during the first night smoked a bundle of segars! Previous to this exhibition, I had always considered the powers of man as limited to a certain extent." i. 265—67.

While Mr. Gordon was at Brussels, in 1816, Lord Byron passed through that city, and was waited upon by our author, who had known him when a boy, and on whom he made, as formerly, a very favourable impression. We extract the account of his Lordship's mother, which we think interesting:—

"I was intimately acquainted (says Mr. Gordon) with Lord Byron's mother from her childhood. She lost both her parents before she was ten years old, and lived occasionally with the family of General Abercromby, of Glassah, to whom she was nearly related. I passed some weeks in her company there, when she came from school, a romping, comely, good-humoured girl of sixteen, inclined to corpulence. She was fond of running races, and swinging between two trees on the lawn; but from this exercise she was at last interdicted, for one of the ropes gave way, and she had so severe a fall that she fainted, and I carried her in my arms into the house, but no injury occurred except that she was obliged to submit to the lancet, and a temporary confinement.

"One of her nearest relations, Mrs. D—, the wife of the admiral, was about this time residing at Bath; and this lady undertook the charge of the young heiress, and of introducing her into the world. She had been too long in Scotland, for she had acquired a confirmed Scotch accent. Now it was to be feared that some northern adventurer might entice her into a clandestine marriage, for she had no mother or good aunt to look after her. How Bath was chosen as an eligible residence for a young and giddy heiress, seems rather surprising; but thither she went, and was introduced. It was soon known that she had an estate worth sixty thousand pounds, and she consequently attracted many admirers; among others Captain Byron, a guardsman (or lately one), paid his court to the northern constellation. Being a young man of address and insinuating manners, he got into the young lady's good graces, and I have heard that he persuaded her to take a trip to Gretna Green with him.

"It was with some difficulty that the noble Captain was prevailed on to settle two hundred a year out of her two thousand. Crippled with debts, which he had previously contracted, his extravagance continued, and after cutting down the timber, he disposed of the estate to the Earl of Aberdeen much under its value, and within three years he had squandered every shilling. Fortunately death put a stop to his career, and the poor widow (just out of her teens) had no other provision left for herself and son but the pitiful pittance which had, by the kind intercession of a friend, been saved to her.

"She retired to obscurity, but in the midst of her friends, to Aberdeen, for the education of her child. It is a singular circumstance that, at the birth of this boy, there were several males between him and the title; yet before he had reached his seventh year he succeeded to it. On this subject his nurse was prophetic; for on his mother asking this woman, who had been thirty years in the family, if he was a fine child, 'Ay, Madam,' said she, 'he's a bonny bairn, and he's got a clubbed foot, and he'll surely be Lord Byron; for a' the Lord Byrons ha' a clubbed foot!' This I have heard Mrs. Byron tell when her son was an infant; and it was certainly true that two of the family had been born with this defect.

"He was sent to Harrow; and that she might be near the idol of her affections, she took a small house in London.

"I had frequent opportunities of seeing the youth when he came to town for the holidays. At fourteen he was a fine, lively, restless lad, full of fire and energy, and passionately fond of riding. His exploits in Hyde Park I have already mentioned. When he boasted of beating me in the race, I said, 'Do you know the proverb, That there is a great deal of riding in a borrowed horse?' He did not know this adage until I explained it to him; when he good-humouredly drew in his reins, acknowledging the rebuke, and adding, 'If the pony was mine, I would bet you my month's pocket-money that I would be at Kensington Gardens before you.'—'Well,' I said, 'we will have a trial to-morrow for half-a-crown; but to-day we must not race, for our nags have had too much water.' He blabbed this to his mother, who would on no account permit the course. But the ride was not to be abandoned, and he gave his parole that he would not gallop, and kept religiously to it; for though he was a spoiled child, and had too much of his own way, he never did anything intentionally to disoblige or vex her,—at least she has often told me so." ii. 330—33.

In these "Memoirs and Reminiscences" there are morsels for all the usual tastes of persons in opulent life, from the commonplace topics of the gullibility of picture-fancying amateurs on the continent, to the exploits of William Taylor, the Scotch manager of the Opera House, and the eccentricities of old Dog Jennings, the antiquary. The author was also a little of a bibliomaniac and virtuoso himself, so that he has a tit-bit or two for the picture-buyers and the book-hunters, as well as all the intelligent gossipers about "continental affairs," from the endless "field of Waterloo," to the dome of Saint Peter's at Rome; with reminiscences of all persons whatever, from her great Majesty the Queen Caroline of Naples, to the wretched *Romé* and victims of extravagance in the King's Bench prison at home.

An Historical Essay on the Laws and the Government of Rome; designed as an Introduction to the Study of the Civil Law. By Edmund Plunket Burke, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition, revised. 1830: Stevenson, Cambridge; Longman & Co. London.

THIS is a republication of an essay which made its appearance anonymously about three years ago, while its author was yet an undergraduate of Cambridge. Its object is to give a summary view of the principal revolutions which at different epochs occurred in the constitutional government and jurisprudence of the Romans—a design the writer has executed with great perspicuity and very considerable learning. He has traced his subject from the primitive times of the city to the perfection of its development, under the patronage of Justinian, assisted by the wisdom and industry of his erudite Counsellor Trebonian; and, altogether, Mr. Burke has succeeded in producing a manual which, whether it be placed in the hands of the scholar or the legislator, will not fail to afford both entertainment and instruction.

That the Roman jurisprudence, embracing, as it does, all that is most valuable in the philosophy and judicial experience of the ancients, should not be more studied by our English lawyers than it now is, must surprise all who have never mingled with the shallow-faced wearers of silk gowns, and their apoplectic brethren of the coif, or with any of the other successful practitioners in what are by courtesy called the Courts of Justice. As early as the reign of Elizabeth, it was made an objection against Lord Bacon's appointment to the vacant office of Solicitor-General, that he was a man of too much elegant learning to be intimately conversant with law. In our times, despite the schoolmaster, the same argument may be found in daily and hourly requisition; and as the stumbling-block is one which that numerous body, the imbecile and stupid, can avoid, and which only throws an obstacle in the way of accomplishments and genius, it may readily be supposed that it is rather protected and patronized, than sought to be removed, by the many;—the consequence accordingly is, as a clever contemporary has ably stated it, that "scholar-like lawyers are growing into disrepute; the knowledge of cases is substituted for the knowledge of principles; learning is now an unnecessary and dangerous acquirement, and a character for oratory renders a man suspected by the attorneys. The works of science are forsaken for the books of practice; and an apprenticeship with a pleader is the surest road to ambiguous fame."

Our author, who is now a barrister, remarks in his preface, that "it has been his misfortune not to reckon among his acquaintance a single person who has ever devoted himself to the study of civil law;"—and we verily believe that there are not two individuals belonging to the common law bar at present, who know more of the Roman jurisprudence than they do of the Urim and Thummim. This, even in matters of literature, is a truly commercial age; and no mental acquisition is considered worthy of the trouble which will not yield an immediate return in the current coin of the realm. A lawyer accordingly would, in our times, no more think of adding any superfluous stock of literature to his practical knowledge, than a carpenter would dream of ornamenting a mud-cart with gold.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY, No. XIV.—*Lives of British Physicians.* 12^{mo}. London, 1830. Murray.

[Second Notice.]

THE remaining portion of this pleasant volume comprises the biography of the more modern members of the profession, several of whom have lived in the recollection of our readers. We shall, however, commence with Mead. This accomplished scholar, who, even by his antagonists themselves, was allowed to be *artimedicæ decus, vita revera nobilis*, succeeded his protector Radcliffe in the greater part of his practice, and removed to his residence in Bloomsbury Square, resigning the situation of physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, to which he had been appointed in 1703.

"Two days before the demise of Queen Anne, Mead was called to a trying situation,—to consult at the bed-side of a dying sovereign. He possessed, however, not merely the professional knowledge, but also the intimacy with society, and the ready tact which the emergency demanded. Some in such situations find a protection in reserve, but Mead, either more penetrating or more decided than the other attendants on her Majesty, no sooner was admitted to her pretence, than he declared she could not long survive. Finding it difficult to obtain assent, he intimated, that it would be sufficient to send to Hanover an account of the

symptoms, from which the physicians attached to that court would at once perceive, that before the detail reached them, the subject of it must have ceased to exist."

It would be difficult to select any one, in the annals of any period, who excelled Mead in the encouragement which he afforded to the fine arts, and to the study of antiquity, or who with equal generosity applied his revenue to the promotion of science and of erudition, and to the relief of misery. "In some respects his position in society resembled that which Sir Joseph Banks so long occupied to the honour of his country; but circumstances and natural genius had conspired to endow Mead with a more delicate and refined taste, and a more comprehensive range of perception and of knowledge. Justly is it to be regretted, that so few among the many opulent and gifted individuals who adorn our times have been disposed or enabled to imitate the example which these two illustrious persons [Radcliffe and Mead] have bequeathed to posterity. Mead possessed in an extreme degree the taste for collecting; but his books, his statues, his medals were not all confined to ornament a secluded apartment, or to amuse only his leisure; the humble student, the unrecommended foreigner, the poor inquirer derived almost as much enjoyment from these unburied treasures as their ingenious owner. In his spacious mansion, in Great Ormond Street, he had built a gallery, which only his opulence and taste could have filled. The printed catalogue of his library contains 6592 separate numbers; the most rare and ancient works were to be found there: Oriental, Greek, and Latin manuscripts formed no inconsiderable part. His collection of statues, coins, gems, prints, and drawings will, probably, remain for ever unrivalled amongst private amateurs. His pictures alone were sold, at his death, for 3400*l*. Ingenious men sought in his house the best aid for their undertakings, and in the owner their most enlightened as well as most liberal patron. He constantly kept in his pay several scholars and artists, who laboured, at his expense, for the benefit of the public. . . .

"At his table might be seen the most eminent men of the age, both natives and foreigners; and he was often the only individual present who was acquainted with all their different languages. Pope was a ready guest, and the delicate poet was always sure to be regaled with his favourite dish of *sweetbreads*. Politics formed no bar of separation: Mead was a zealous whig; but the celebrated physicians Garth, Arbuthnot, and Freind, were not the less his intimate associates because they were Tories. Towards the learned Freind he displayed a remarkable instance of disinterestedness. Freind was Member of Parliament, (a distinction which he should gladly find more frequent in the history of medical men,) and was sent to the Tower for some supposed political offence. While in confinement, he commenced that precious "History of Medicine" which has transmitted his name to posterity. Mead frequently visited him, attended his patients in his absence, employed the warmest solicitations with Sir Robert Walpole for his release, and when he had procured his liberation, presented him with a very large sum, which he had received from the clients of his brother practitioner. The good of mankind, and the honour of his country, were two of his ruling principles. He persuaded the wealthy citizen, Guy, to bequeath his fortune towards the foundation of the noble hospital which has honourably consecrated his name."

After the most brilliant career of professional and literary reputation, of personal honour, of wealth, and of notoriety, which ever fell in combination to the lot of any medical man, in any age or country, Mead expired on the 16th of February, 1754. "The physician who was

the Mæcenas of his day, whose mansion was a grand museum, who kept a second table for his humble dependents, and who was driven to his country house, near Windsor, by six horses, was not likely to amass wealth;—but he did better—he acted according to his conviction, that what he had gained from the public could not be more worthily bestowed than in the advancement of the public mind; and he truly fulfilled the inscription which he had chosen for his motto:

“Non sibi sed toti.”

The following anecdote of Huxham, more known by his writings than by any notoriety which he acquired in his lifetime, is interesting: “The Queen of Portugal was attacked with fever and was reduced to the last extremity, in spite of the exertions of the physicians of her country. The King at length summoned the physician attached to the British factory. This gentleman declared that he entertained some hope of her recovery, but stipulated on her being resigned to his sole discretion. Under his treatment the disorder soon took a favourable turn, and her Majesty rapidly convalesced. On being complimented at this successful issue, the physician replied that his only merit consisted in the application of doctrines which he had learned from the work of Huxham. The King immediately procured a translation of it to be made into the Portuguese language, which was published in a handsome quarto, and was transmitted by him to Huxham in a rich form.”

Our limits will not permit us to enter into the details of the lives of Pringle, Fothergill, Heberden, and Cullen; we cannot, however, pass over that of the celebrated Dr. William Hunter without making one or two short extracts:

“About ten years before his end his health was so much impaired, that, fearing he might soon become unfit for the profession which he loved, he proposed to recruit himself by a residence in Scotland, and was on the eve of purchasing a considerable estate, when the project was frustrated by a defect in the title-deeds. This trifle banished his rural plans, and he remained in London, continually declining in health, but pursuing distinction with the same ardour with which he had courted it in his early days. He rose from a bed of sickness to deliver an introductory lecture on the operations of surgery, in opposition to the earnest remonstrances of his friends. The lecture was accordingly delivered, but it was his last; towards the conclusion his strength was so much exhausted, that he fainted away, and was finally replaced in the chamber which he had been so eager to quit. In a few days he was no more. Turning to his friend Combe, in his latter moments, he observed, ‘If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die!’ He expired on the 30th of March, 1783.”

Hunter sacrificed nothing to pomp: he was indifferent to common objects of vanity. “When he invited his younger friends to his table, they were seldom regaled with more than two dishes: when alone, he rarely sat down to more than one; he would say, ‘A man who cannot dine on this, deserves to have no dinner.’ After the meal, his servant (who was also the attendant on the anatomical theatre) used to hand round a single glass of wine to each of his guests. These trifles are mentioned as a trait of the old manner of professional life, and as a feature of the man who devoted seventy thousand pounds to create a museum for the benefit of posterity.”

Leaving the biography of Hunter we must pass on to that of his nephew, the late lamented Dr. Matthew Baillie. Following the example of his distinguished relations, he embraced the more anxious pursuit of medicine in preference to his first choice, which seems to have been in favour of the church. After graduating at Balliol College, Oxford, he settled in London under

the immediate superintendence of his uncle Dr. William Hunter. He became a teacher of anatomy in 1785; and he continued to lecture for nearly twenty years. “For the progress he had so rapidly made, he was greatly indebted to the assiduous instruction of his kind preceptor, who spared no pains in cultivating in his young pupil that habit of ready and exact explanation of every subject he treated, for which Baillie was in after-life so remarkable. The manner he adopted, it is related, was as follows:—‘Matthew, do you know anything of to-day’s lecture?’ demanded Dr. Hunter of his nephew. ‘Yes, Sir, I hope I do.’ ‘Well then, demonstrate to me.’ ‘I will go and fetch the preparation, Sir.’ ‘Oh no, Matthew, if you know the subject really, you will know it whether the preparation be absent or present.’ After this short dialogue, Dr. Hunter would stand with his back to the fire, while the young Baillie demonstrated the subject of the lecture which had just been delivered, and then the student was encouraged by approbation and assistance, or immediately upon the spot convicted of having carried away with him nothing but loose and inaccurate information.”

Baillie was in the habit, during many years, of devoting sixteen hours of each day to business: his physical frame, however, was not so strong as his resolution, and an irritability of mind sometimes involuntarily contended against his natural kindness of heart. “He frequently came to his own table after a day of fatigue, and held up his hands to the family circle eager to welcome him home, saying, ‘Don’t speak to me,’ and then, presently, after a glass of wine, and when the transitory cloud had cleared away from his brow, with a smile of affection he would look round, and exclaim, ‘You may speak to me now.’”

When in the height of his practice, and harassed by the hurry of business, Baillie was sometimes rather irritable, and betrayed a want of temper in hearing the tiresome details of an unimportant story. “After listening, with torture, to a prosing account from a lady, who ailed so little that she was going to the Opera that evening, he had happily escaped from the room, when he was urgently requested to step up stairs again; it was to ask him whether, on her return from the Opera, she might eat some oysters: ‘Yes, Ma’am,’ said Baillie, ‘shells and all.’”

“A few years only before his death, during a visit which the late Professor Gregory, of Edinburgh, made to London, these two eminent countrymen, equally distinguished in their respective departments, conversed together on several occasions; and the judgment they joyously passed upon each other was expressed in the following manner:—‘Baillie,’ said the accomplished and classical professor, ‘knows nothing but physic.’ ‘Gregory,’ exclaimed the skilful and experienced London practitioner, ‘seems to me to know everything but physic.’”

The life of Jenner, a name which of all others ought to be consecrated by the gratitude of mankind, follows that of Baillie. No individual has contributed so largely to the preservation of life, and to the alleviation of human sufferings as Jenner; and into whatever corner of the world the blessings of printed knowledge has penetrated, there also will his name be familiar. The following accident appears to have first attracted his attention towards the prevention of small-pox:—“While Jenner was pursuing his professional education in the house of his master, at Sudbury, a young countrywoman applied for advice; the subject of small-pox was casually mentioned in her presence; she immediately remarked, ‘I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox.’ This was a popular notion in this district, but it now fixed his attention and grew with his growth.” In one of his note-

books, of 1799, we find the following anecdote:—“I know of no direct allusion to the disease in any ancient writer, yet the following seems not very distantly to bear upon it. When the Duchess of Cleveland was taunted by her companions, Moll Davis (Lady Mary Davis) and others, that she might soon have to deplore the loss of that beauty which was then her boast, the small-pox at that time raging in London: she made a reply to this effect,—‘That she had no fear about the matter, for she had had a disorder which would prevent her from ever catching the small pox. This was lately communicated by a gentleman in this county, but unfortunately he could not recollect from what author he gained this intelligence.’”

Jenner everywhere proclaimed his belief in the efficacy of his antidote, but he found none to second his wishes; his ardour in the pursuit of truth, however, was not to be chilled by the frigid sneer, or daunted by the careless ridicule of prejudice; a noble but modest spirit animated him amidst the doubts of all. He has left us the following interesting picture of his feelings.

“While the vaccine discovery was progressive, the joy I felt at the prospect before me of being the instrument destined to take away from the world one of its greatest calamities, blended with the fond hope of enjoying independence, and domestic peace and happiness, were often so excessive, that, in pursuing my favourite subject among the meadows, I have sometimes found myself in a kind of reverie. It is pleasant to me to recollect that those reflections always ended in devout acknowledgments to that Being from whom this and all other blessings flow.”

When advised by his friend Mr. Cline, the late eminent surgeon, to settle in town, at the same time promising him an income of ten thousand a year as the fruits of his practice, Jenner in refusing, assigned these modest and philosophic reasons for preferring his original situation—“‘Shall I,’ says he, in a letter to a friend, ‘who even in the morning of my days sought the lowly and sequestered paths of life, the valley, and not the mountain—shall I, now my evening is fast approaching, hold myself up as an object for fortune and for fame? Admitting it as a certainty that I obtain both, what stock should I add to my little fund of happiness? My fortune, with what flows in from my profession, is sufficient to gratify my wishes.’”

We have not room to notice the biography of Dr. Parry, the father of Captain Parry; but must bring this article, which has now exceeded “its fair proportions,” to a conclusion with a few extracts from the life of that eminent man, the late Dr. Gooch.

Among some loose papers of his, on the subject of dreams, occurs the following passage, which we shall quote, as it gives so lively an image of the youthful period of his life.

“From the age of fifteen to twenty-one, I was an apprentice to a country surgeon, and when I had nothing else to do, no pills to roll, nor mixtures to compose, I used, by the advice of my master, to go up into my bed-room, and there, with Cheselden before me, learn the anatomy of the bones by the aid of some loose ones, together with a whole articulated skeleton, which hung up in a box at the foot of my bed. It was some time before I overcame the awe with which I used to approach this formidable personage. At first, even by daylight, I liked to have some one in the room during my interviews with him; and at night, when I laid down in my bed and beheld the painted door which inclosed him, I was often obliged to make an effort to think of something else. One summer night, at my usual hour of retiring to rest, I went up to my bed-room, it was in the attic story, and overlooked the sea, not a quarter of a mile off. It was a bright moonlight night, the air was

sultry; and after undressing I stood for some time at my window, looking out on the moonlight sea, and watching a white sail which now and then passed. I shall never have such another bed-room, so high up, so airy, and commanding such a prospect; or, probably, even if I had, it would never again look so beautiful, for then was the springtime of my life, when the gloss of novelty was fresh on all the objects which surrounded me, and I looked with unmingled hope upon the distant world. Now—but I am rambling from my story. I went to bed, the moonlight which fell bright into my room showed me distinctly the panelled door behind which hung my silent acquaintance; I could not help thinking of him—I tried to think of something else, but in vain. I shut my eyes, and began to forget myself, when, whether I was awake or asleep, or between both, I cannot tell—but suddenly I felt two bony hands grasp my ankles, and pull me down the bed; if it had been real it could not have been more distinct. For some time, how long I cannot tell, I almost fainted with terror; but when I came to myself I began to observe how I was placed: if what I had felt had been a reality, I must have been pulled half-way out of the bed, but I found myself lying with my head on my pillow, and my body in the same place and attitude as when I shut my eyes to go to sleep. At this moment this is the only proof which I have that it was not a reality but a dream."

One more anecdote and we have done:—"While Gooch was with Mr. Borrett, the attack upon Copenhagen took place, and on the return of Lord Nelson, the wounded were placed in the Naval Hospital at Yarmouth. Being acquainted with some of the young surgeons, Gooch, though then but a boy, was not unfrequently at the hospital. 'I was (he says in a letter written long afterwards) at the Naval Hospital at Yarmouth, on the morning when Nelson, after the battle of Copenhagen, (having sent the wounded before him,) arrived at the roads and landed on the jetty. The populace soon surrounded him, and the military were drawn up in the market-place ready to receive him; but, making his way through the dust, and the crowd, and the clamour, he went straight to the hospital. I went round the wards with him, and was much interested in observing his demeanor to the sailors: he stopped at every bed, and to every man he had something kind and cheering to say; at length he stopped opposite a bed on which a sailor was lying, who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder joint, and the following short dialogue passed between them:—Nelson—'Well, Jack, what's the matter with you?' Sailor—'Lost my right arm, your honour.' Nelson paused, looked down at his own empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said, playfully, 'Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen—cheer up, my brave fellow!' And he passed briskly on to the next bed; but these few words had a magical effect upon the poor fellow, for I saw his eyes sparkle with delight as Nelson turned away and pursued his course through the wards."

Irish Cottagers. By Mr. Martin Doyle, Author of "Hints to Small Farmers."† 1830. Dublin: Curry & Co.; London: Hurst, Chance & Co.

THIS is a didactic tale for the amusement and instruction of Irish Cottagers, and altogether well adapted to convey improving sentiments to a class greatly in need of them. In the progress of its simple story, it shows with some force the evil effects to themselves of the usual bad habits of the generality of the lower Irish, and well recommends cleanliness, industry, sobriety, and the other virtues, the lack of which is the chief

† A notice of this little work will appear next week.

cause of the people's misery. It contains one statement, respecting the dreadful effects of that extensive habit of intemperance, which is the reproach of the lower class of the Irish, quoted from a "Letter on the effects of wine and spirits, by a physician," which will create astonishment on this side of the channel—viz. that in a public Lunatic Asylum in Dublin, the doctor found out of 286 patients, "no fewer than 115 whose madness was ascertained to have been occasioned by drinking whiskey."

We add the following extract, well deserving attention, as the opinions of a resident so zealously concerned for the happiness and improvement of the lower orders as Mr. Doyle:—

"The agitators of the day, basely pursuing their own selfish ends, have endeavoured to convince the people that they are robbed and oppressed by the protestant clergy; but in our parish, I think we shall hear no more of this folly or mischief, as I have convinced at least some of the agents in the opposition, that it would be 'out of the frying-pan into the fire' with them if they were to exchange the protestant clergy, for any other tithe recipients whatever." "I wish," said the other, "that the really influential and well-educated part of our landed proprietors were more generally resident; in such case, the great blessing of domestic peace might be expected—the employment of our poor would be more steady and extended, and we all know that active occupation is ever accompanied by good order, and tranquillity; but as matters now unfortunately stand in many parts of Ireland, it is not a subject of surprise, that a neglected, unemployed, and half-starved peasantry, should be ready for every novelty, and every mischief; no people bear, and have borne more real misery—and, as far as my experience of them has gone, no people are more alive to kindness than they are, nor more practically grateful for it, unless (for the exception must certainly be made,) where religion, or the line of politics which they are artfully taught to look upon as religion, is interposed; they are faithfully attached to the persons and the interests of their benefactors, and with total indifference to their own personal ease or comfort, would, in their own emphatic phraseology, go 'a thousand miles barefoot to serve them;' but, Sir, it is of men of rank and high character that we stand in need—men who will not take advantage of the necessities of the poor, and grind them, and extort from them, in the way in which the tribe of mushroom and half-gentlemen so often treat them in the absence of their legitimate protectors. If we had a fair proportion of landlords, possessing *your* means and influence, and using them in the same way, we should soon be a regenerated people."

Remarks on Nervous and Mental Disorders, with especial reference to recent Investigations on the Subject of Insanity. By David Uwins, M.D. London, 1830. T. & G. Underwood.

WE are somewhat at a loss how to treat this pamphlet; whether to commend the occasional good sense and glimpses of enlightened views which it here and there presents, or condemn, for its bad taste, the ill-timed and silly attempts at jocularity. We must indeed say with Edgar, after listening to one of Lear's piebald speeches:

"O, matter and impertinency mixed!"

The Doctor is, as the public well know, a clear-headed and clever man, and would, we hesitate but little to say, write a tolerable book on Insanity, if he could but sit down firmly determined to draw only on his reason, his reflection, and his observation, in illustration of the important and serious subject about which he seems to have thought and observed to some purpose. We regret that he has not done so.

A Series of Chemical and Medical Tables, forming a Synopsis of Chemistry, Materia Medica, Pharmacology, and Nosology. By John Hogg, surgeon, and Graduate of Medicine in Edinburgh. Folio. London, 1830. Taylor.

WE are sure that the thanks of every medical student will be accorded to Mr. Hogg, for this valuable collection of tables. They are, to use his own words, compiled with a twofold object,—to refresh the memory of the practitioner in the chief points of medical science, and to present to the student an outline of the professional field he is about to enter, as well as serve him with an easy source of reference in the course of his reading. The *Materia Medica* Table contains the botanical and English name, the parts used, their properties, the country whence brought, the class and order of Linnaeus, and the natural family of Jussieu. The *Pharmaceutical* Table presents an analysis of the "London Pharmacopoeia," as well as of most of the articles contained in those of Edinburgh and Dublin. In the classification of diseases, are shown the synonymes, where they exist, between the terms of Good, Cullen, and Willan. No apothecary's or chemist's shop should be without the work.

IN OBITUM REGIS DESIDERATISSIMI GEORGI IV.

Now that thine eyes are closed in death, and all
The "glories of thy birth and state,"† and power,
Are passed, as the vain pageant of an hour,
Ending in that poor corse, beneath that pall,
The tribute of a Briton's love I pay,
Not to the living King, but the cold clay
Before me:—

Let the throned and mighty call
For worldly adulation. The pale dead
Mocks him who offers it; but truth, instead,
O'er the reft Crown, shall say—

"The King who wore,—
"Wore it, majestically, yet most mild,—
"Meek mercy blessed the Sceptre which he bore;
"Arts, a fair train, beneath his fostering, smiled;
"And who could speak of sorrow, but his eye
"Did glisten with a tear of Charity?
"Oh! if defects the best and wisest have,
"Leave them, for pity, leave them—to that God,
"That God, who lifts the balance, or the rod,—
"And close, with parting prayer, the curtain o'er
the grave."

July 10.

W. L. BOWLES.

BOLOGNA.

WE had but a short time to spare for Bologna, but with a carriage, and a *laquais de place*, whom you direct, and not who directs you, a great deal may be seen in a short time. But we laboured under every disadvantage. We were stirring with the earliest, but the rain was stirring before us. We worked hard and did little. Every two hours during our stay, it poured in torrents; and then drive through the streets of Bologna who dare: the rain is bad enough, but the projecting gutters from the roofs are of just such length as will shoot the whole torrent into the carriage. I never spent so much time, took so much trouble, and knew so little of any place as of Bologna. However, thus much I may say, that it is one of the nicest and cleanest towns I have seen in Italy. Almost all the principal streets have arcades, many are handsome and of a most palatial elevation; there are some fine buildings, some few old and curious; good streets, though but few squares or open places. It is a town that would please you, aye, much more than Vicenza. Vicenza is a fine place to wander about and admire;

† Alluding to those fine and majestic lines by Shirley, set to music by Edward Colman:

"The glories of our birth and state."

to wonder at the elegance, the beauty, the grandeur, or the pomp of its architecture; but the dirt of the streets, the melancholy dilapidation and poverty about you, is such, that you would not be content with one out of twenty palaces, and not that one until you had half ruined yourself with repairs and purification. But at Bologna all is neat and clean; it not only looks habitable but inhabited. There is a little quiet trading and bustle going on—there is an appearance of life and sociality, and good humour and contentedness; and I am almost sure you could reside here with the same feeling of comfort and home as in any country town in England. For myself, I care little where I live; give my soul elbow-room, as King John says, give me air and open space, and certainly the neighbourhood would not be selected for its gentility, or the number of tame smooth-fronted houses that have three windows in their first floors, but for its architectural character—the beautiful and the old I equally admire—and I should therefore shuffle myself up with Mr. Nash's shopkeepers in the Regent Street, or get stifled down about the Abbey. Perhaps you would be bright in preferring Bologna to Vicenza, and I admit it is no proof of bad taste to prefer Bologna to any city I have yet seen as a dwelling place. Perhaps I do myself, now I think of its delightful situation, just at the entrance to the Apennines, with their first gentle undulations close to and within a few minutes' walk of the town, commanding the most extensive views over the plain of Lombardy to the Euganean hills—with the most beautiful home scenery around you—little quiet secluded vallies, with houses and villages in the most picturesque situations. But did I not say the situation of Vicenza was beautiful? no matter; I am not likely to be perplexed with having to determine between them.

Upon your first arrival at Bologna you are welcomed with a little concert—which travellers in Italy know the value of; for since I set foot in this musical world I have heard street music but once before. A trifle satisfies them, and all parties are pleased; and if you desire entertainment even at a cheaper rate you may have it, or for nothing; for I was amazingly entertained with—what, now? guess again, as the children say, for I am sure you were wrong—why the knockers! the most ridiculous fanciful foolery I have seen a long time are the knockers here—above all ordinary size and including all extraordinary forms; often a foot and a half more in length, and made to resemble all sorts of animals; but one very prevalent fancy is the fox, you take hold of his long tail and knock the door with his hind legs.

There are many of the customary sights here that I have not seen, and others seen so uncomfortably, that I shall not offer an observation on them. The Tower of Asinelli is of great height, square, and of brick, without pretension to beauty, or even elegance. The falling tower is like it, only stopped mid-way, and as ugly as ugliness can be, and you wish it would do at once what it has so long threatened: but it is not quite so likely as you would imagine from the picture in the Landscape Annual. The Theatre, I think it was El Corso, is large but heavy, and not to my liking; nor was I pleased either with the music or singing; neither was of that excellence which I had expected. The last work of Carracci, in the sanctuary of the Cathedral, I did not see; but the Neptune of John of Bologna in the Piazza del Gigante is admirable and deserving of great fame. The Piazza del Gigante itself recalls in its general appearance, the gloomy ages of gothic barbarism, and, though now crowded with stalls, and disfigured with the dirt and bustle of a market, seems the place of all others for tilting and tournaments, and the gallant revels of those ages.

At S. Petronio we arrived, undesignedly, just in time to see the sun cross the meridian of Cassini, the gnomon of which is eighty-three feet in height, as the books say, and about which I know no more, and care no more. But this church contains, which the books do not say, a S. Michael by Denis Calvert, the early master of Guido and Domenichino—and there is another picture by him in the Zambecari palace, not unworthy the master of those celebrated men—a S. Francis, by Guido himself, in which the flesh is mortified till it is become "of the earth earthy," mere clay with a living principle within it, not of it; and a Descent from the Cross by Cellini, which is stamped, and not chiselled, as I had expected.

I went with some haste and anxiety to the Dominican Church to see the Paradise of Guido, considered one of his finest works in fresco. It may be, but being in the dome, and lighted with cross lights, I could not distinguish a single figure. There, however, I saw the famous shrine of S. Dominick by Nicolo of Pisa, hence called Nicolo of the Shrine. The chiselling is very fine, the single figures admirable, but they run too much in lines—they want grouping. In front are two little angels, one of which was done by Michael Angelo when he fled from Florence and was only twenty-one years of age. It is the reverse of what I had expected—the very perfection of all that is delicate and graceful. The companion is a robustious perriwig-pated fellow, though clever, and might pass by the side of any other work. I remembered that Lady Morgan mentioned the dungeons of the Inquisition here, as visible through some iron grating in the Cloisters. An Englishman must of course see the dungeons of the Inquisition, but there was some difficulty, as the friars were at dinner, and we must pass through the refectory. I explained to our attendant what I wished to see, thinking he might find some other way to the Cloisters; but, the man still hesitating, our servant sallied up to the door and asked permission, which was granted immediately, and at the top of the stairs we were met by one of the brotherhood who came to play Cicero. He was a most affable and gentlemanly man, with all the politeness of a courtier, doing us and himself equal honour by his attentions. We had not however been long in the gallery before I saw him start, draw himself up with dignity, talk earnestly, put his hand to his heart, seemingly wondering at something our servant had said and was saying. As soon as possible, I inquired the meaning of this. "I asked him," said the German, "to show you the dungeons of the Inquisition, and he said, persons were confined in some of the adjoining rooms; but I told him you wanted to see the horrible dungeons underground, that are just visible through gratings in the cloisters, and he assures me on his honour, 'speaking only the words of truth,' there is no such thing; he was himself 'one of the establishment' before the Inquisition was abolished, and that no one was ever confined underground." The fact is, this man, whom you will remember we picked up accidentally in the Tyrol, is a very honest fellow, and exceedingly anxious upon all occasions to testify his zeal; and pleased, I suppose, with his first success in getting us admitted, had, with a want of delicacy that gave me the horrors, asked these questions as direct of an Inquisitor as I had of a *laquais de place*. This was vile, and I apologized for it, and was content in return to let the worthy Dominican satisfy me that the Inquisition was so paternal and gentle in its correction, and the Inquisitors so amiable and pleasant, that I had reason to regret it existed no longer, that I might shake hands with its thumb-screws, and whistle for three months through its iron bars.

The gallery in my next.

D. C.

GOETHE'S CHAOS.

IN our notice of Weimar (No. 138), we mentioned that a Sunday periodical had been got up by Goethe and his friends. It is printed at a private press—is little known even in Germany—and its circulation confined to the contributors. It is called "Chaos," and we subjoin a translation of one of the little poems in allusion to the name:—

Be the Chaos right chaotic,
Patriotic and exotic,
British, French, Italian, Gothic,
Serrile, liberal, despotic,
Everything—except narcotic!

We add a Latin poem on the same subject:

Quam dixere Chaos, rudis indigestaque moles,
Principio visa est progeneris viros,
Quos sero demum sequitur femella propago,
Consona ut est prisca fabula dicta viris.
Tempora mutantur, mutatur mythologia:
Namque parit nostrum femina doctum Chaos,
Post vero bellax sequitur nova turba virorum:
Marte etenim armisq. Gratia jure prior!

From the vast number of foreigners resorting to Weimar, there is sometimes a ludicrous variety and confusion of languages in the society of so small a place: this was not likely to escape the observing eye of Goethe; and from among the Epigrams we translate the following:—

Time brings within our modern ken
What formerly seemed fable—
Weimar was German Athens then,
'Tis now the German Babel.

The French poems are of very little value. The following is one of many English contributions:—

A Monosyllable.

My first applies to every man,
Whatever be his station,
Providing always that he be
Of Britain's favoured nation.
My second were a theme too wide
For present contemplation—
I only say, may every maid
Shun it and affectation.
My whole, in truth, the fairest gift
Of any girl's donation;
How rarely youths in modern days
Deserve such approbation!

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—I send you an almost literal translation of a proverb attributed, I know not how truly, to the Chinese. It is so accordant with the genius of that politic people, that I think it is not unlikely to be theirs in reality. At all events, its sense is sound, and not unsuited to the present times:—

Where *spades* grow bright, and idle *swords* grow dull;
Where *gaols* are empty, and where *barns* are full;
Where *church-paths* are with frequent feet outworn;
Law court-yards weedy, silent and forlorn;
Where *doctors* foot it, and where *farmers* ride;
Where *age* abounds, and *youth* is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people, a well-governed state.

July 19, 1830.

R. J.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

ACERBI'S TOUR IN EGYPT, 1829—1830.

On the Rosetta branch of the Nile, below Turvane, 2d April, 1830.

YOUR letter of the 26th of November last overtook me in my travels, whilst engaged in putting the finishing hand to the investigations by which I purposed to bring myself acquainted with Egypt in its whole length and breadth. I have turned the prow of my dahabia† once more in the direction of Alexandria, my usual residence.‡ You will infer, from the course I am

† A bark with a covered chamber.

‡ The writer is Consul-General to the Emperor of Austria at Alexandria.

now taking, that my excursion is drawing to a close. I am on my return from a visit to the Fayum, which I could not attempt last year; but, of a truth, the "Province of Roses" retains nothing of its olden character but the thorns. It was a conquest made by an ancient and a wise government from the Desert, and requires more vigilant attention than any other province in Egypt; but the want of that attention has rendered it the poorest and most wretched of them all. Its fertility was the offspring of wisdom and industry, and it was covered with immense dikes, skilfully-combined trenches, and a host of canals, which were admirably adapted to distribute the fertilizing waters of the Nile in adequate proportions, traversing a line of a hundred miles, and following the deviations of the Libyan range by the intervention of the celebrated "Joseph's Canal," now called the Bahr Jussuf. The dikes and trenches cry out for a repairing hand; but the Turks adhere to one invariable system—that of repairing nothing! This province must be considered destitute of interest, in an antiquarian point of view, to eyes that have revelled in the ruins of Thebes: I found one poor, solitary obelisk lying prostrate and broken in twain upon a vast plain near Beghigh; its hieroglyphics are but superficially sculptured, and bear evidence of the decline of the arts. If I am not deceived, it is of the times of Nectanebo, who was of the third and last dynasty of the Pharaohs. The pyramids of Fayum are of crude bricks; but I was unable to detect any vestige of the famous labyrinth, though I went in quest of it with Herodotus and Strabo in my hand.

I have drunk of the waters of Lake Meris, and must testify, in the teeth of the splendid "Description de l'Égypte," that they are highly palatable; though I am bound to say they had this year been replenished by unusual inundations. You must not place any dependence on those who assert them to have been an artificial lake; my own conviction is, that they were a natural basin, which the wisdom of the Egyptians discovered, perchance in the days of King Meris, and determined upon converting into a reservoir, for the purpose of receiving any excess of waters after they had succeeded in carrying them to this point, as a means of forcing the desert into fecundity. In other respects there are no antiquities worthy of being mentioned; the ruins of Arsinoë present as little trace of her splendour, as if neither Arsinoë nor her worthy spouse had ever existed.

Having reached Cairo after my tour through Fayum, I could not resist the temptation of visiting Suez and the Red Sea. I had entered the Polar Circle on the back of the rein-deer,† and it was quite in character, therefore, that I should take the dromedary on trial beneath the Tropic. Four days and three nights sufficed for my transit across the elevated branch of the desert, which severs the Egyptian metropolis from the Red Sea, and my arrival on the strand which faces Arabia Petrea. I traversed the gulph very nearly by the same route which Moses took; and, when in Arabia Petrea, paid my respects to the fountains which go by Moses' name, and lie at three hours' distance from Suez. Great was my desire to ascend Mount Sinai; but persons at my time of life cannot do what they wish, but must be content to regulate themselves according to their capabilities. I discovered some relics of Venetian sway at the fountains of Moses. You must recollect that the republic built and equipped a fleet for the purpose of attacking the Portuguese in the Red Sea; it was their last effort to maintain that ascendancy in maritime transactions of which they were shorn by the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope: by means of a series of canals they conveyed the waters of

those fountains for a distance of two or three miles across the desert, and brought them close to the sea-shore. But the money which they expended in building a fleet under a sky where there was neither timber, iron, nor cordage, would have been sufficient for cutting through the isthmus in the direction of the ancient canal. This excavation is visible enough even to such as are not desirous of seeing it, and I rode right through it for two hours on my dromedary's back—he stretched out his neck into the Pelusiac branch: for scepticism itself must now admit the existence of this channel of communication, though the French had before brought proofs of the fact. They were expecting the arrival of a steam-boat from the East Indies at Suez; and the Company had a brig of war in the gulph, which was actively employed in constructing a hydrographic chart of the whole passage from Suez to Babel-el-Mandel.

[Conclusion of this interesting letter in next paper.]

NAPLES.

29th June, 1830.

For some time past we have had what is commonly called close weather here, and, though the sirocco has not been blowing, we have suffered a similar feeling to what that detestable wind induces, but we dreamt not of an earthquake;—however, on Sunday evening last, as a friend of mine was walking on the terrace of his house at Ischia with his lady, they heard a roaring noise as though of distant thunder, and in an instant after, the house, which is situated in the village of Casamicciola, as it is called by the people, suddenly began to shake, and continued to do so for four or five seconds; they, for the first time in their lives, had felt an earthquake. Not so with the people of the village; for, about two years and a half ago, the village was nearly destroyed by the same kind of visitation, and many lives were then lost. I saw one little girl who had been four days under the ruins, and, though taken out unhurt, her body became covered with boils; but she recovered and is now quite well. The recollection of the effects of that disaster alarmed the inhabitants on the present occasion, and they ran into the streets screaming, crying, fainting, and exhibiting all the signs of the greatest terror: fortunately, but one shock was felt, and the clouds, which had been accumulating during the latter part of the day, gradually dispersed, and this was hailed as a certain indication that the danger had passed. An earthquake in the neighbourhood, with Vesuvius in a state of quietude, is rather an alarming incident; however, on Sunday evening, it began to smoke, which increased yesterday, and last evening, fire was visible from Naples: this is a tranquillizing circumstance, and we imagine ourselves to be secure. An earthquake here, would, indeed, be a destructive event, for, I dare say, the walls of at least half the houses in Naples are cracked, and shores and buttresses are necessary to prevent the houses falling, at least in the quarter where I live (the Chiaja): this is accounted for, by supposing that the earth has sunk. The roof of one house at Santa Lucia fell in some months ago, and, penetrating through the several floors till it reached the ground, killed some people in the shop below.

H.

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S PROPOSED VOYAGE ROUND THE GLOBE.

At a public meeting held on Thursday last, the proposal of this enterprising gentleman to undertake a voyage of discovery, received the warmest support of a brilliant assemblage of rank and talent in the theatre of the Royal Institution. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex presided, with his usual ability, on the occasion.

As preliminary explanation, we may observe that the geographical and hydrographical features of our globe are yet very far from being perfectly delineated; so that a voyage of circumnavigation, if directed to this object alone, would be worthy of patronage.

"But there is one important duty," says Mr. Buckingham, "that has never yet been incorporated with any systematic and well-digested plan for a voyage of discovery; which is, to lay the foundations for a future commercial intercourse with the coasts and islands discovered; and to leave among their inhabitants the best memorials that men can ever bequeath to each other—namely, specimens of the useful manufactures, models of agriculture and domestic implements, and descriptions of the arts and conveniences which time and experience have enabled us to discover and apply to the improvements and comforts of life; with the seeds of elementary and useful knowledge, planted in such a manner as to lead to a harvest of intellectual and moral improvement, and the consequent increase of happiness to those who are thus blessed.

"The present period seems peculiarly favourable for such an undertaking; inasmuch as the shores and islands of the Eastern hemisphere, in the space lying between China and South America, including the coasts of Corea, Formosa, Japan, Borneo, Celebes, the Moluccas, the Philippines, the Kurile Archipelago, and the countless Islands in the Pacific Ocean, are the parts of the Globe least accurately known in every sense; and these are now likely soon to become as accessible to English ships, as they have for a long time been to foreign vessels only: it being already understood that the East India Company will be willing to admit of English ships being employed, as American and other foreign vessels now are, in the conveyance of exports from this country to every part of the Eastern seas, reserving to themselves the import of particular articles only; and it being matter of still greater certainty, that, supposing no change whatever to take place in this respect, they would readily grant their licence or permission to any ship proceeding on a publicly avowed voyage of discovery and improvement like this.

"The want of an accurate knowledge of distant countries when they are first opened to new intercourse, has been productive of infinite loss and misery, by the evil of overtrading, arising from the natural anxiety of all adventurers to be first in the market, and to be provided with a full supply of everything needed; but, not knowing what is actually required, either in quantity or description, everything is taken,—a glut ensues,—and more than half the exports are lost or destroyed.

"Such accurate knowledge cannot be speedily obtained, except by a voyage undertaken for that express object, and with adequate preparation for effecting it on a systematic and complete plan.

"The first requisite for this purpose is, that a ship of sufficient size and competent equipments should be provided by the British public, fitted, manned, and ready for sea; combining perhaps the use of steam for occasional application in currents and calms, with the safety tubes of Mr. Watson as a security from foundering; and such other modern improvements as may tend to increase the speed, safety, and perfect accomplishment of the voyage.

"The ship and her equipments being given as a donation to this great object, no further aid on the part of the public will be needed; as the ordinary operations of trading, in the purchase and sale of commodities, and in the conveyance of goods and passengers from place to place, on the route, will defray all the subsequent charges of the voyage; and to prevent all misconception on this subject, it is particularly requested to

† It is almost needless to refer the reader's memory to M. Acerbi's interesting "Travels through Sweden, Finland, and Lapland, to the North Cape."

be observed that this is not intended as a Joint-Stock or Trading Company, but a Public Subscription for a great Public Undertaking, without further risk or concern on the part of the subscribers."

The objects that Mr. Buckingham pledges himself to keep constantly in view during the whole of his expedition, and the benefits he hopes to effect by it, of a public and general nature, are the following:—

I.—"To add to the existing stock of knowledge every new fact that can be collected respecting the Geography and Hydrography of the Coasts and Islands visited; and to make the most ample researches that can be effected respecting the Statistics, Productions, Manners, Wants, &c. of every particular place; as well as to collect specimens of whatever may be found to deserve preservation, in Natural History, Botany, Mineralogy, &c.; as well as of the Artificial Products and Native Wares, where any such exist.

II.—"To introduce into all the ports visited, Specimens, in small quantities, but in infinite variety, of all the various descriptions of Goods manufactured in England; whether in Woollens, Silks, or Cottons; in Metals, Glass, or Earthenware; so as to ascertain, by actual experiment, what particular description of goods are suited to particular markets, and what are the quantities, patterns, textures, prices, and other peculiarities best adapted to each; for the want of which knowledge, all the evils of overtrading have happened.

III.—"To add to this distribution of the Specimens of English Manufactures, the introduction of the Useful Arts of civilized life, in the shape of Models, Drawings, and Descriptions of all the various Implements, Utensils, and Conveniences, of Agriculture, Husbandry, and Domestic Comfort in use among ourselves: as well as Seeds, Plants, and Materials of Improvement of every kind; and to lay the foundation for the establishment of Schools of Instruction, for increasing, perpetuating, and diffusing Useful Knowledge in every branch."

The Duke of Sussex took the chair at a quarter past two, and the object of the meeting having been explained, the Duke of Somerset rose, and in a speech highly complementary to Mr. Buckingham, proposed:—

1. "That the plan on which Mr. Buckingham proposes to conduct a Voyage round the Globe, for promoting the great objects of Hydrographical Discovery, Practical Civilization, and Commercial Enquiry, appears to this Meeting to be eminently well calculated to produce great national advantages, and much general good; and to be, therefore, entitled to the cordial support of all ranks and classes of his Majesty's subjects."

The motion was seconded by Lord Leveson Gower and Mr. Pendarvis, and carried unanimously.

Lord Durham after expatiating on the advantages likely to be derived from Mr. Buckingham's praiseworthy exertions, proposed the following resolution:—

2. "That the maritime experience, active habits, and diversified knowledge evinced by Mr. Buckingham in his Writings and Lectures on the Countries of the Eastern World, added to the unwearied zeal manifested by him in his endeavours to excite the sympathy of the people of Europe in behalf of their Asiatic fellow-beings, are, in the opinion of this Meeting, qualifications which peculiarly fit him for commanding this Expedition, and conducting it to a happy termination."

This resolution was seconded by the Rev. Dr. Wade, and carried unanimously.

Sir Sidney Smith, in rising to address the meeting, was received with repeated cheers. He stated, that, long used to maritime affairs in the service of his country, he was convinced of the efficiency of Mr. Buckingham in every qualification that can render him peculiarly suited to such an enterprise. He concluded by suggesting to Mr. Buckingham the adoption of several mechanical schemes which might facilitate his praiseworthy enterprise, and moved a resolution, in which he was seconded by Sir A. Johnston:—

3. "That the Members of this Assembly, having themselves cheerfully contributed their assistance towards the commencement of this new and interesting undertaking, do feel themselves justified in earnestly inviting all the encouragers of useful knowledge, the friends of moral improvement, and the promoters of commercial intercourse, to co-operate with them in advancing, by their contributions, the completion of this great design."

This, like the preceding resolutions, was carried nem. con.

The hon. G. Ponsonby expressed his warm approbation of the talents of Mr. Buckingham, in which he was joined by the Rt. Hon. Sir John Sinclair, and the Rt. Hon. Wm. Huskisson. Other resolutions were moved and carried, expressive of the best means of forwarding the object of the Meeting, but we have not space to insert them. Thanks were then voted to the Duke of Sussex for his able conduct in the chair, and the Meeting adjourned.

We heartily wish Mr. Buckingham success; and when it is considered that a large subscription has already been made in different parts of the kingdom, to carry his design into effect, we cannot but think he will ultimately meet the reward of his indefatigable exertions in the cause of public good; particularly when his efforts are sanctioned by men so influential as many present on this occasion.

VELOCITY OF BODIES.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

SIR,—The account in your last number, of the space passed over in a given time by various birds, recalls to my thoughts the very vague and erroneous opinion entertained by the public at large, and even by many experimentalists, who, in their calculations of the velocity of bodies moving in fluids, sometimes do not take into account the motion of the fluid itself. The time in which a pigeon returns to its house, affords no datum to calculate the velocity with which it can move through the air, unless some tolerably accurate statement be made respecting the wind at the time. Thus, supposing a pigeon can propel itself at the rate of 60 miles in an hour; it is well known that a common high wind moves at the rate of 40 miles an hour; and this, if favourable, would make the pigeon's flight 100 miles in an hour—if adverse, it would reduce it to 20.

The hawk that flew from Fontainebleau to Malta, a distance of nearly 900 miles, in 24 hours, may have moved *through the air* either very fast, if against the wind, or very leisurely, if with a fair wind; for the velocity of the wind must be added to, or subtracted from that of the bird, according as it is contrary or favourable to the direction of flight: as a practical illustration of this fact, it may be sufficient to mention the circumstance, that a balloon sent up at Paris on the second marriage of Napoleon, was found a few miles from Rome, having been carried nearly 600 miles in 23 hours, merely by the velocity of the wind.

The same popular error exists respecting the great velocity of steam-boats, which are often said to be propelled at the rate of 14 or 15 knots an hour, because they pass from Margate to London in 5 hours and a half. Now from Margate to London by the nearest practicable route is 87 English miles, which, reduced to nautical miles, (to which the knot corresponds,) is 76 knots or geographical miles: this is certainly about 14 knots an hour, over the ground, if performed in 5½ hours; but the velocity of the tide, which is, on an average spring, 3 miles an hour, must be deducted from it, leaving 11 knots an hour for the velocity of the steam-boat through the water; and this is about the greatest rate these vessels ever go, even with the aid of sails.

I am, &c. H.

PATRONAGE OF ART.

A report is generally circulated that Mr. Shee has been written to by authority, to know how, in the judgment of the Academy, his Majesty can best patronize Art. We think an answer would puzzle wiser heads than the Council. Without at present entering generally into the subject, we believe artists and the public will equally agree with us, that the first thing must be to rattle about the old bones of the Academy itself. Except for an annual dinner, and an annual exhibition to pay for it, the Academy has no known existence. It used upon occasions to bustle up with a little personal squabble—a little viciousness; but since it grew into good-humour, it has sunk into utter insignificance. We are not prepared to say how all this is to be remedied, but remedied it must be. The great thing for Art is to bring it before the public—to awaken public attention—to give a relish for Art in the great body of the people—to rouse the energies of Art, and not put it to sleep, with forty fold of dullness wrapped round its head, in an Academy. Many of the academicians feel this as sensibly as we do. Mr. Shee himself is an excellent President for an occasion like this; his predecessor, with all his fine genius, was infinitely too much of a courtier—too silken-smooth and oily—too courteous to title and artificial distinctions; and even Mr. Shee would have been more servicable twenty years ago. Experience may have worn away a few crude opinions, but it must have weakened the vigour and elasticity of his mind. If Art is to be treated merely as a thing of direct patronage—a luxury to be produced and *forced* into immaturity by pensions, or premiums, or titles, or any other artificial means—it will be, like forced fruits, a poor, artificial, stunted, and unnatural thing, and will sink when patronage shall be withdrawn.

We warn those in authority against confusing the interest of Art and of artists. If anything be seriously intended, the direction must rest somewhere; and we entreat that the committee be leavened with what artists, perhaps, would call a little ignorance. We make no distinction between picture-buyers and picture-painters; we put down dilettante noblemen and gentlemen wit presidents of academies and R.A.s;—their minds run in the same rail-road. Such men and their opinions are worthy of all respect; but their views are limited—and they see through a mist darkly. We would have them consulted—and great deference paid to their opinions—but not directing. If, indeed, we waived our objection, they would never agree; they would split on a pebble, which they would call a rock, while a strong man would have put it in his pocket. They might come to a decision, but it would be only by majority; not one point would be carried unanimously as a great, comprehensive, and embracing principle. We care not who is on the committee; but let it be men of enlarged views and comprehensive and original minds, such as Scott or Brougham—or their like, inferior only in degree—men with knowledge enough to feel great reverence for Art—to know its high purpose and destiny, but whose minds are untrammelled either by interest or opinions. We trust and believe that circumstances are favourable, and that something may now be done for Art. We pray, pray, pray, that it be done judiciously!

EPIGRAM.

"Have you read Shakspeare's works, my friend?"
Ned says.

"His works! no, never—but I have his plays."

NEW ENGRAVINGS.

Fishing Boats off Calais. (J. W. Turner.) W. Davison. Moon, Boys, & Graves.

THE reputation of Mr. Turner is so great as almost to laugh at criticism; yet, it must be confessed and lamented by even his warmest friends, that he should give to the world such productions as several of his later works. Had his Jessica, his Pilate, or his Deluge, been sent to the Academy in an unknown name, we marvel much if it would have found admittance within its walls. Before us is another instance, to make us regret he is not what he was; for, with all the splash and dash of his masterly hand, the water seems to us little else than a sea of soap-suds—the clouds are a mixture of blackness and sunshine, most unaccountably mingled—and the figures are as unpicturesque as possible. Perhaps our admiration of Stanfield's grand View of Calais may have prejudiced us against any inferior attempt of the same scene. The engraver we would strongly commend, for he has given to perfection Mr. Turner's modern style. His name is unknown to us, but we are inclined to think highly of his talents.

Illuminated Ornaments, selected from Missals and MSS. of the Middle Ages. By H. Shaw. No. 2. Pickering.

THE present number of this work is even superior to the former. The first plate, from the Harleian Library, is exceedingly delicate, and the second and third, from the Royal Library, rich and beautiful. Though, ourselves, considering it merely as a work of art and curiosity, we think it may be extremely useful to many persons and many trades. Some of the scroll ornaments would be admirable bordering for rooms.

"Living Artists," No. 2. T. STOTHARD R.A. will appear in our next number.

KING'S THEATRE.

M. Laporte was unusually liberal in his catering for our amusement on Tuesday last: three heavy acts of "Otello," one of "Il Turco," and the ballet of "Masaniello"! "Of a veritie" there was enow. The leading opera was insupportably dull. The evening before, the first Othello in the world had said his "farewell" (that foremost *morçeau* of all soliloquy); contrast acted powerfully upon us, and we could not help muttering to ourselves, in most litigious language, *Shakespeare versus Rossini—Kean versus Donzelli—Tragedy versus Humbug!*

This said opera of Rossini is a failure; he should never attempt anything serious: his genius is mercurial, and fitted to such subjects as "Il Barbiere," or "Il Turco." In these he is at home, and, with all his mannerism, is delightful, from the sparkling champagne quality of his gaiety. This last-mentioned quality is the ruling or leading feature of his music. In the excesses of grief we find his singers or characters *tittering* passages of the drollest kind, if they were but connected with words of similar import. The anomalies between the sense and sound of almost all modern composers, are extremely amusing to consider. Sometimes, as, for instance, in the celebrated "Mi manca la voce," the words assert one thing and the music another. What singer could conscientiously assert "Mi manca la voce," and at the same time do his best to exhibit the powers of a splendid voice?

The "Otello" was poorly performed; and as to the last scene, we never saw such an exhibition before. It was hide-and-go-seek catch-who-can murder. Oh Pasta! how we recollect your last scene of *Desdemona*!

An act of "Il Turco" followed, and in some degree atoned for the dullness of the three soporific acts of "Otello." Lablache is truly a great actor, in the scene where he contrasts his

former wife with his present one, he is imitatively droll, particularly in muttering the prayer for the soul of the deceased, which our good Protestant community know not a jot of, and merely sympathize in grimace with him, without perceiving his intention. Madlle. Blasis is delightful in this opera. She and Lablache are the most forcible (without being noisy) singers in concerted pieces we have ever heard. We could not sit out the whole evening—it was too much (and not of a good thing); so we accordingly made our retreat after the very effective and original finale to the act of "Il Turco." The house was considerably dotted with *baldegated gents*. This is a problem which on particular occasions has puzzled us extremely; but we are determined upon discovering its solution.

KING'S CONCERT ROOM, HAYMARKET.

MR. FREUMAYR'S CONCERT.

THIS extraordinary performer had his Concert on Monday last at the above-mentioned Room. Considering that his instrument is not a general favourite, it proves that his own extraordinary merit has obtained for him the attention and support which we were glad to see bestowed in this instance. His performance is certainly wonderful. Keys in which, to other bassoon-players, passages are impracticable, are to him nothing; but not content with a facility or command within the bounds of former *fagotto*-music, he has extended his domain of flourish, and actually can arrive at will upon E flat (4th space treble), and rest there as long as he pleases. In his *Concertino Militaire*, which he played before at the Philharmonic Concert, he was truly delightful; also in his trio with flute and piano-forte. We hope this is not merely an "occasional overture" to his performance in this country, but that he will come again and often. Holmes was a good player—Dennan possessed fine tone—Mackintosh is a prime performer;—but this is a primer!

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

My Early Love. A Ballad, written and composed by Mrs. Cornwell Barrow Wilson. Goulding. This is a very pleasing ballad. The melody, somewhat in the Tyrolic style, is rhythmically marked and exceedingly graceful. The harmonies also are correctly and tastefully arranged, with the exception of the first chord in the third and seventh bars of each verse; the B, instead of being suspended from the foregoing bar, would have a much better effect if it were natural. The words are little more than an indifferent imitation of Moore's beautiful "Love's young dream," particularly in the second verse; but, altogether, it is worth a hundred of the every-day songs.

MR. KEAN'S BENEFIT.

THE King's Theatre, which is rather famous for one-act exhibitions, was, on Monday last, selected by Mr. Kean for his last appearance, previous to his departure for America, in *Richard the Third*, *Shylock*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, *King Lear*, and *Othello*. This trial of strength was an attraction which the public could not resist; and the consequence was, a real old pit-door squeeze, in which hats, shoes, and tempers were lost in many directions. This is, we believe, the season in which good housewives make their preserves; and certainly that busy old lady, the town, made her *jam* on Monday, quite, we should think, to Mr. Kean's taste. We were, indeed, glad to see this unconquerable man followed, on this last appearance in England, by a mob as huge—as wild—as enthusiastic, as ever hailed him in his bravest and best hour of youth and health. Kean may come back refreshed in purse and strength from the Land of Guess and Dollar; and may re-appear at Drury Lane, or the Haymarket; for with his Napoleon spirit the throne is never secure against his visits. But with a

shaken constitution,—and perchance not over wealthy in prudence,—he may never retrace his course over the Atlantic; and we cannot let him depart without a kind word:—

If we do meet again, why we shall smile;

If not—why then this parting was well made.

The acting of Kean on Monday was reserved, careful, feeble. He ran his race as though he doubted whether he could "go the distance"—made no play—husbanded his powers for a last rush—and did not, as in earlier days, which were not his calmer hours, take the undaunted lead and keep it. But what right have we to complain! This night was for Kean's benefit: he has played night after night for our benefit; and in our service has he become a bankrupt in health. Let us remember that "such things were, that were most dear to us!"

A few brief years retraced, and we were preparing for "Richard Duke of Gloucester by Mr. Kean, his first appearance in that character!" What a pestilent thief is Time, to have stolen these treasures from us! We saw Mr. Kean in *Shylock*, on the first night of his appearance in the, then ruined house of Drury—a scanty pit, and a few orderlies in the boxes kept watch on that interesting night. What spirit, what nature, what soul broke loose on that hour! We saw him in *Richard*, the house was astounded with its crowd. On came genius with its confident step and eagle eye. The battle was over, the victory was won, the triumph was complete! The whole play was a series of eminent successes—and if ever we envied any man, it was Kean, at the moment that he fell before Richmond, and lay gasping under the deafening clamour of mad, terrified, honouring people. A few hours had transferred him from the obscurity, poverty, and miseries of a country theatre, to the mid-day light of fame, to wealth and honours. Then ensued the *Iago*—the *Othello*—the *Hamlet*—the *Sir Giles Overreach*—the *Macbeth*;—all was vigour and intensity with Kean—all was intoxicating delight and wonder with us. Be these days never forgotten by old play-lovers! With us they are riches priceless. We turn to them, and by them have glimpses that can ever "make us less forlorn." Aye!—we have seen the vessel, with all its cordage good and its timbers hale, ride the wasting seas of passion in proud and fearless glory. The Americans will pick up something by crowding to the wreck.

We had intended to review the troops of characters past, but we fear the public have had enough of reviews. And in good truth, we should but aggravate our sorrow by looking too earnestly at the magnitude of our loss. We gratefully wish to Kean health and wealth in the far land, and a safe return to his own shores. We hope yet to have "more last words of Mr. Baxter!"

ENGLISH OPERA—ADELPHI THEATRE.

ON Friday evening, 16th inst., a new operatic piece was produced at this theatre. It is in the German school of ludicrous horror, and indifferent of its kind. The *English Opera* certainly aims at the supernatural;—poor common humanity is despised by it, and nothing but devils, ghosts, witches, and necromancers go down. Since the production of *Der Freischütz*, we have had nothing but *diablerie*! Why should such a sweet and beautiful art as music be so constantly called upon to express horror and distress? It is turning a nightingale into a screech-owl! The plot of this new piece begins poorly, and ends in a total skeleton! The dialogue sometimes excites one to laugh;—one while by its fun, and another by its attempt at it. On the whole, it was, and continues to be, doubtfully received, and is a production upon which the author cannot *riquer* himself. The music is appropriate and good.

Paganini is shortly expected to arrive at Paris; he is at present giving concerts in the north of Germany.

M. Gayard, medallist to the King of France, presented to his Majesty on the 11th instant a medal which he had designed in honour of the capture of Algiers. It certainly must have had one of the properties of a good medal, that of being "sharp work."

Madlle. Georges has been highly complimented upon her acting in the sleep-walking scene in Macbeth.

The "Deluge" at the Cirque Olympique, has had nearly as great a run as our "Black-eyed Susan."

A new edition of Tacitus has appeared at Paris, with translations by C. F. Panckoucke.

On some occasion, when the Court of Chancery was more than usually thronged, Mr. R., the witty Barrister of that Court, was scarcely able to screw even his small dimensions into a seat on one of the counsellors' benches: "Rather thick set here," said his crowded neighbour as he endeavoured to make room for him. "Thick-set, do you call it?" replied R. "Fustian you mean," pointing to his learned brother P-r-k-r, who was just then urging some topic with his usual eloquence.

Andante—non troppo.—A notice is affixed in one of the French *Diligences*, whereby "MM. les voyageurs sont priés, s'ils descendent, de ne pas aller plus vite que la voiture." This reminds us of an old gentleman who occasionally, when "plied" by the drivers of the short stages used to reply—"No, no, I can't ride this morning, I'm in a hurry."

A taste for the Italian drama seems to be winning its way in Paris, each of the three last performances at the *Favart* having attracted an increased audience. "La Virginia" of Alfieri, and "La Casa Disabitata" of M. Giraud, were extremely well attended and favourably received. Signor Taddei, in the latter piece, and Signora Internari, as *Virginia*, in the former, are the artists, who in their respective departments find most favour in the eyes of the French critics.

General Cemetery Company.—Whether the present company will succeed, it is perhaps difficult to foretell—the idea is new to Englishmen—the capital required is very large—the public are very tired of joint-stock speculations—the committee, with few exceptions, are not influential men: but something ought and must be done to get rid of the offence of burial-grounds within the city. We want none of the trickery and affectation of *Pere la Chaise*; no Parthenon or Pyramid, though we do not object to, and see nothing unreasonable in the project now submitted. But if it be only open fields, places must be appropriated as general burial-grounds, *without* the city. We hear disgraceful things of some of the church-yards, and see disgusting ones. We think it well therefore not to let public attention flag, now it has been once roused to a consideration of the subject.

Cement of Algiers.—This article is composed of two parts of wood-ashes or charcoal, three of lime, and one of sand; and it goes by the name of *Tabbi*. After mixing them together, they throw in a quantity of oil, and beat the composition for three days uninterruptedly, in order that it may attain to the requisite consistency. When applied to buildings, it acquires all the hardness of marble, is impervious to moisture, and resists the combined effects of weather and time. It has been supposed that this art has descended from the people of Numidia and Mauritania, by whom it was inherited from the Romans; and if so, the durable manner in which ancient buildings are found to be constructed,

is readily accounted for. The glue of Algiers is a preparation of cheese, from which the lacteous portion has been expelled, and with which some of the finest lime is afterwards mixed.

March of Intellect in Spain.—An order has been sent to Seville by the government, for the establishment of a *taurromachia* (bull-baiting school!); and a second order has suspended the nautical lectures delivered in that city. At a bull-fight, which took place a few weeks ago, the *torreador* was killed; and the King being present, immediately pronounced a solemn benediction!

The French at Algiers.—Each soldier has for his tent a palm or plane tree, with a rivulet of limpid water at his feet—treasures, the value of which can only be estimated by visiting Africa. In this part of the camp, we are as cool as in the Garden of the Tuileries, surrounded by hedges of the laurel, rose, myrtle, and geranium, with fig-trees and vines, and capacious tanks shaded by sycamores and acacias. Our camp is filled with Arabian farmers, who come to offer us the produce of their lands, and are surprised when we offer to pay them; when they receive the money, they prostrate themselves to the earth, strike the ground with their foreheads, raise their hands towards heaven, and mutter with great volubility unintelligible phrases, which provoke loud and long roars of laughter from our men. The streets of the town are very narrow; this, however, produces a shade very necessary in this climate. Beams stretch across the streets from one house to the opposite one, in order to resist the effects of earthquakes.—*Private Correspondence.*

A Literary Radical.—It is time, we opine, that the literary world of France should sue out a commission "de lunatico inquirendo" against their brother Francis William Sieber, who has lately issued the prospectus of a "*Système de la Nature physique et spirituelle*," which he offers as "a work of which the human race still stand in need." Now, no charge can lay against the author by reason of a want of novelty or comprehensiveness in his design, since his work will embrace medicine, physics, poetry, philosophy, and politics; but we may fairly rank its execution among the aberrations of literary radicalism or radical hallucination, if he be earnestly bent upon keeping his promise to the eye, and adding to "a refutation of Newton's theory of gravitation,"—"the mechanism of the heavens repaired and re-modelled!" Again; his reform in Natural History extends to a "Periplassology," or system of astronomical Geognosy; in Poetry, he proposes to enlarge upon "iron mines, furnaces, hammers, blacksmiths, armourers," *et id genus omne*; not forgetting "Schiller, Goethe, and Shakspeare, duelling, and Paradise." But the reader must pardon us for quoting his own words, when we approach his labours in philosophy; so sorely is her fair form imperilled: "Philosophy changes her name," says Monsieur Sieber, "and becomes sophy, or wisdom, under which head we purpose giving a critique of all sophical systems, together with that of the schools of old; on the folly of Socrates; the ignorance of Plato; the weakness of Aristotle; the wretched race of modern philosophers, Bacon, Locke, Spinoza, Leibnitz, &c." Their living brother Krug, the author carries with him into the cockpit of politics; thrusting him, head and heels, into the herd, "as being as incapable of working out the *bonum publicum*, as Gente, Ancillon, de Pradt, Heeren, Metternich, Haller, and other journal-mongers and diplomatists." And after this, who shall quarrel with our author for styling himself "Ex-member of several learned societies in Europe, and the biggest zany in the world. The beast of the Apocalypse?"

+ Professor of Philosophy at the University of Leipzig.

Bankruptcy, a capital crime.—Every native bankrupt in Algiers becomes liable to capital punishment; and for this reason, whenever a tradesman is unable to pay his debts, he contrives to evade the law by a voluntary assignment of his person and property to his creditors. Christian insolvents throw themselves upon the protection of the consuls from their respective courts.

Cobalt Blue, as it is commonly called, is one of the most beautiful pigments, particularly in water-coloured drawings, where it supplies the place of the best ultramarine; but if used in the state in which it is commonly purchased in cakes, it is apt to deposit coarse particles on the paper, producing a disagreeable granulated surface. This defect is visible in many drawings by our best artists; it may be wholly prevented by dissolving the colour in water, and allowing the coarser part to subside for a few minutes in a tall glass. The finer particles remain suspended in the water, and produce a tint of perfect smoothness. The attentive amateur will occasionally find advantage from a similar treatment of some other pigments.

Athenæum Advertisement.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Days of W.A. Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 15	76 56	29.84	S.W.	Cloudy.
Fr. 16	78 56	29.70	S.W.	Ditto.
Sat. 17	66 50	29.70	S.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 18	64 50	29.64	S.W.	Rain.
Mon. 19	75 53	29.70	W.	Cloudy.
Tues. 20	75 53	29.55	W.	Ditto.
Wed. 21	76 60	30.00	W.	Ditto.

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Nights and mornings fair, excepting Sunday. Mean temperature, 65½.

Astronomical Observations.

Moon and Venus in conjunction on Sat., at 1½ h. A.M.
Mercury on Sun., 3h. 10m. A.M.
Sun's geocentric longitude on Wed. 28° 5' in Cancer.
Jupiter's " 107° 33' in Capr.
Length of day on Wed. 15h. 53m.; decreased, 42m.
No Night.
Sun's horary motion 2' 23". Logarithmic number of distance .006366.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not been able to supply all demands for the *Stamped* Edition of this Paper for some weeks. For obvious reasons—no more are printed than the presumed demand; but that demand increasing, we enlarged our impression, notwithstanding which, the supply was insufficient. Of course, we are most happy to go on and multiply; but we shall not regret even to have again to apologize.

We cannot answer the question of our friend H. D.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

MADAME MERIC LANLANDE respectfully informs the Nobility, Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public, that her **BENEFIT** will take place at this Theatre on **MONDAY** next, the 26th of JULY, when will be performed (for the first time in this country) Mercadante's Opera Semi-Seria, entitled **LA DONNA CARITEA**. The principal characters by Madame Meric Lanlande, Madame Mailran, Sig. Donzelli, Sig. Curioni (who has obligingly consented to perform the part), and Signor Santini.—After which will be presented Rossini's Opera Bufla, in one act, **L'INGANNO FELICE**. The principal characters by Madame Meric Lanlande, Sig. Donzelli, Sig. Ambrogio, and Signor Lablache.—To conclude with a **FAVOURITE BALLET**.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made to Madame Meric Lanlande, 35, Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square; or to Mr. Seguin, at the Opera Office, Haymarket.

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